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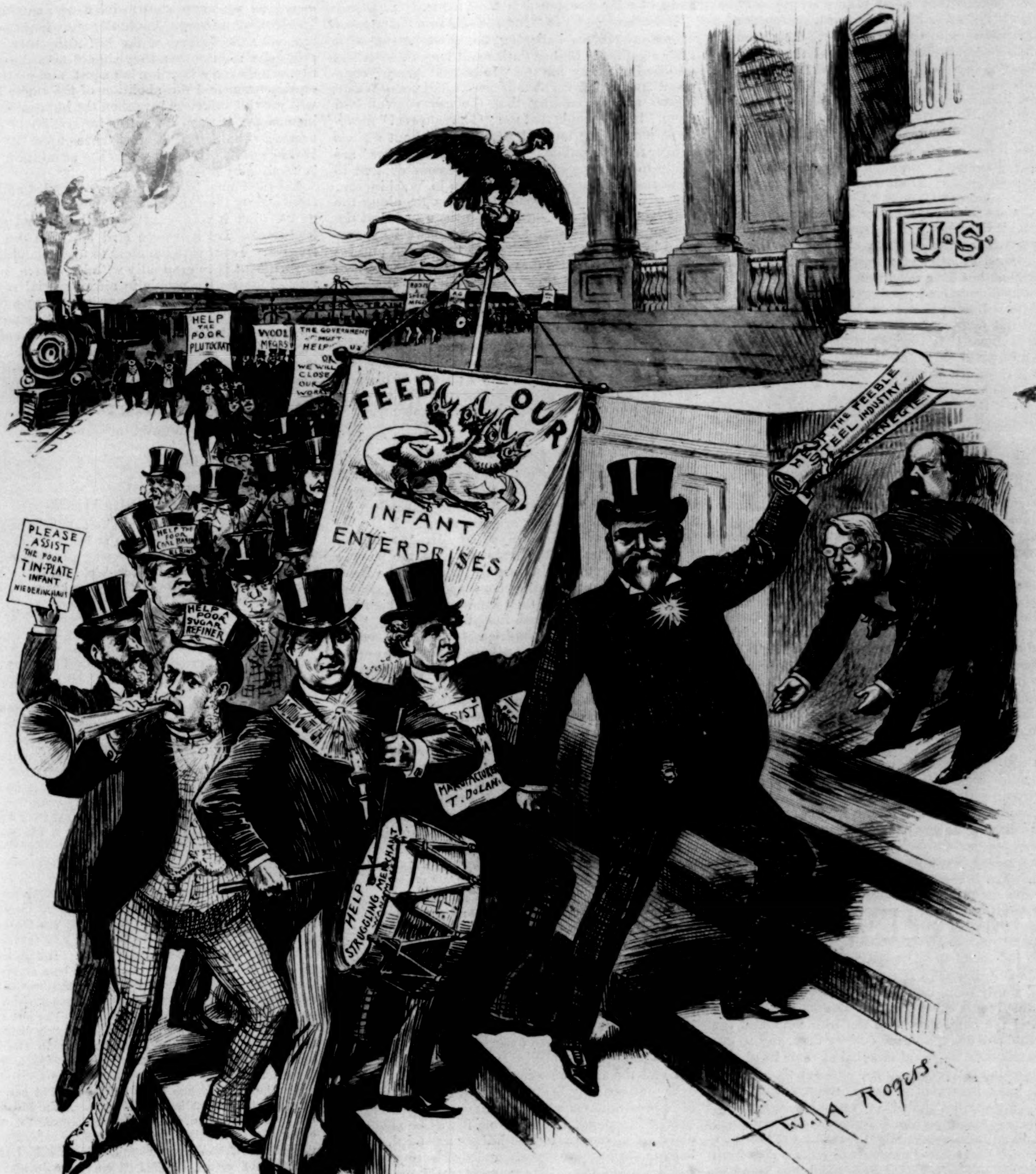
HELP THE POOR PLUTOCRAT
WOOL MFGRS
THE GOVERNMENT MUST HELP US OR WE WILL CLOSE OUR WORKS
FEED OUR INFANT ENTERPRISES
U·S
HE P THE FEEBLE TEEL INDUSTRY
CARNEGIE
PLEASE ASSIST THE POOR TIN-PLATE INFANT NIEDERINGHAUS
HELP THE POOR COAL BAR
HELP POOR SUGAR REFINER
SIST POOR MANUFACTURER T. DOLAN
HELP STRUGGLING MERCHANT
W. A. Rogers.

THE ORIGINAL "COXEY ARMY."

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
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THE "INDUSTRIAL ARMY."

THE first attempt of the "Commonwealers," under the lead of the great COXEY himself, to force Congress to receive and to act upon a "petition in boots," has ended in a farcical failure. The outfit of the procession moving upon the national Capitol, the "Angel of Peace" on a circus horse, the exhibition of the "Legal-Tender" baby, and the "Grand Marshal" in buckskin, served to put its absurdity in the clearest light, and to expose it to a universal laugh. It might, therefore, be looked upon and dismissed as a mere bad joke, gotten up by a hare-brained adventurer, had it not some importance as a symptom of a peculiar distemper in the social body. This peculiar distemper does not consist in the fact that there are at present many people out of work, and more or less suffering for the necessaries of life. That the business disturbance which occurred last year, and the stagnation following it, have had this effect, and that this is very deplorable, will be readily admitted. But such things have happened before in this country, more than once, without bringing forth such singular phenomena as "industrial armies" marching upon Washington to terrorize Congress into making laws of some kind or another to secure to them a comfortable existence. It is true the "armies of the unemployed," as we see them and hear of them at present, consist mostly of vagabonds not looking for employment, but for a good time without work. But no candid observer of passing events and existing conditions will deny that a good many people in this country, not mere tramps or shirkers of labor, have come to believe that the government owes them a living, and when they find it difficult to get along, that it is the duty of the government to help them over the trouble.

We know the protectionists do not like to be told that they have systematically indoctrinated the people with this idea, but it is nevertheless true. It is, in fact, the fundamental idea of the theory of protection. It is the one great plea by which the support of the laboring-man has been invoked for the protective policy. The protectionists have unceasingly preached to their working-men that the permanency of their employment and the scale of their wages depended really upon the action of the government, and that it was not only in the power of the government to secure to them steady work and higher wages, but it was its duty to do so. To be sure, the protected manufacturer had in mind only the power of the government to secure to him by high tariff duties artificially increased profits, and that then the rich, being made richer, might be enabled to take better care of the poor—if they liked. But it is by no means surprising that many of the laboring-men should have taken the matter seriously, and worked out the theory to the logical conclusion that if it was the duty of the government to secure to them steady work and high wages, it should be done in a more direct way than by making the rich richer and intrusting them with the care of the poor.

Neither is it surprising if the fact is remembered that the manufacturers have for many years been in the habit themselves of "marching upon Washington," whenever Congress was in session, to urge their demands for higher duties and larger profits, and that these manufacturers, although not walking on foot, but riding in palace-cars, although not camping on the outskirts of the town, but lodging and giving dinners in sumptuous apartments, were the original of the "industrial army" approaching Congress with "petitions in boots." If instead of going up to the Capitol singly or in small groups, they had marched up Pennsylvania Avenue in procession, the tin-plate men, and the wool men, and the iron men, and the collar-and-cuff men, and the cutlery men, and so on, with McKINLEY as grand marshal at their head, and the protection banner floating over them, they would, indeed, have presented a much more elegant and well-fed appearance than COXEY and his sorry crew, but the cause, in point of fundamental principle, would have been essentially the same. The "protest" which COXEY was prevented by the police from reading on the Capitol steps, and which has found its way into the newspapers, is, on the whole, a somewhat ridiculous document, but it has one sentence which the protectionists might take to heart: "Up these steps the lobbyists of trusts and corporations have passed unchallenged on their way to committee-rooms to which we, the representatives of the toiling wealth-producers, have been denied." The representative character of COXEY and his tramps may be questioned, but no more than the representative character of the manufacturers who demanded higher profits for themselves in the name of their working-men.

Neither should the protectionists be surprised when they read of the "Commonwealers" in various parts of the country indulging in dire threats of fire and murder in case the government fails to comply with their demands. This, too, they have learned from the protectionists themselves. They remember the terrific predictions constantly used by the protectionists to frighten simple-minded people as to the dreadful things sure to be done by the starving working-men if Congress refused to enable, by an increased tariff duty, the manufacturer of this or that to charge higher prices for his goods. And nothing is more natural than that the threats which so long have been made by the employers in the name of the working-men should now be repeated by the working-men themselves, or by those who pretend to represent them. Nor would it be very strange if the working-men, or at least the light heads among them, should gradually cease to see anything very wrong in the things which the protectionists have so long and so loudly threatened in their name.

It is thus that the "Industrial Army" composed of manufacturers besieging the government with their clamor for higher duties and larger profits has prepared the way for the "Industrial Army" composed mostly of vagabonds marching upon Washington and demanding that the government feed them. It is probable that the "Commonweal" movement now going on will pass over without serious danger to the republic. The "Commonwealers" are likely to disperse as soon as it becomes evident to them that only trouble awaits them in Washington, and as soon as the good-natured people along the route get tired of feeding them on the way. But the distemper from which the "Commonweal" movement has sprung will continue to trouble us and become more dangerous than it now is, unless the people of this country return to the American doctrine, that a man must look for a living not to the government but to his own exertions; that he must endeavor to make those exertions successful by his own industry, ingenuity, perseverance, and frugality; and that the best service the government can render him is to warrant him security in the pursuit of his lawful occupations. This is the way in which a people becomes prosperous, peaceful, wise, and strong.

TARIFF COMPROMISES.

THE outcome of the proceedings going on in the Senate on the tariff bill is uncertain. The rumors that still further compromises are to be made with the McKINLEY Democrats are disturbing. It is clear from the knowledge betrayed by Mr. ALDRICH of what is going on among Democrats that the leading Republican protectionists are consulted by the Democrats who are demanding concessions, and are informed of the results of the conferences in which Mr. CARLISLE has announced that he is participating. There is no doubt that the friends of tariff reform in the Senate are discouraged. Some of them are angry, and Mr. MILLS the other day tempestuously demanded the names of the Democratic Senators who are "coaching" the Republicans.

It seems to be settled that something more must be yielded in order to secure the passage through the Senate of any tariff bill whatever. The sugar trust is not satisfied with the advantage of an eighth of a cent margin on the refined product. It has devised a new schedule under which all sugars are to be taxed forty per cent. ad valorem, while the refined sugars are to have an additional advantage of an eighth of a cent a pound. This is better for the trust than the schedule that was reported by the Finance Committee.

Another concession is to be made to the opponents of the income tax by changing some of the proposed methods of administration, and limiting the operation of the law to a period of five years. This is well so far as it goes, especially as the revenues of the government will be so greatly increased by the lowering of rates of duty that the only excuse for extending the income tax at the end of five years would be to enlarge, for the purposes of extravagance, the surplus that would then exist.

The passage of a bill by the Senate, however, does not end the tariff question for this session. Whatever measure may be finally agreed upon, the House of Representatives will again have an opportunity to express its views, and this time it will be able to declare its ultimatum. The bill, as amended, will go back to the popular branch, and will be sent to a conference committee. The views of the House on tariff reform are pronounced, and are radically different from those entertained by the Senate. It will insist on the return of many of the features of the WILSON bill which the Senate will strike out. The present intention of the leaders of the tariff-reformers in the House is to insist on a bill more radical than that which is now before the Senate, and a good deal more of a reform measure than any bill that is likely to come from that body. It is not their intention to make to the McKINLEY Democrats the same concessions that have been forced from Mr. VOORHEES, Mr. JONES, and Mr. VEST, and some of the House leaders say that the bill will be kept in conference until the 4th of March next before they will yield on coal, iron ore, or sugar.

So far as sugar is concerned, there is not only no objection to a revenue tax on it, but that is a much better tax than a tax on incomes, either general or limited.

The House will eventually yield on this point, although it is to be hoped that it will insist on no concessions to the trust. Whatever, then, may be the sugar duty, the income from it, with the gaining made by the abolition of the bounty, will be between $30,000,000 and $45,000,000. It will be sufficient to cover any deficiency that may result from the temporary falling off of revenues. In other words, the income tax will not be needed.

This tax was suggested for the purpose of meeting a deficiency. That its authors do not regard it as a just and equitable tax will be shown by their agreement to limit the period of its operation, which means, as we have shown, its final abandonment. The House conferrees should therefore insist on striking out this feature of the bill altogether. Their principles require that they should take the ground that unnecessary taxation is unjust, and as the duty on raw sugar and the abolition of the sugar bounty will provide sufficient revenues, the imposition of the income tax is such a wanton imposition of an unnecessary burden that insistence upon it by the House would give support to the accusation that it is inspired by sectional malice.

Let the House insist on a larger free list and lower rates of duty than the Senate appears to be willing to grant. Let it refuse favors to the sugar trust and lead trust. Let it restore coal and iron ore to the free list. Let it give Senators to understand that the government is to gradually withdraw from the business of taxing the people in aid of special interests, whether the demand for money is made by a Senator in behalf of collars and cuffs, or by a "General" at the head of an "army" in behalf of national roads for the improvement of the horse market. Let it stand by its principles firmly and rationally, not, however, losing everything by insisting on all; but let it also remember that its principle, that taxes should be levied only for the needs of the government economically administered, will make it necessary to abandon the income tax if sufficient revenue will be raised without it.

THE LEGISLATURE.

WHEN it was learned that the Republicans had gained both branches of the Legislature at last fall's elections it was fondly anticipated that sweeping measures of reform would be placed upon the statute-book. It is true that the *morale* of the Republican machine was known to be little better than that of the Democratic machine, but it was thought that the healthful public sentiment back of the machine and its manipulators, the essentially sound morality of a large part of the party, especially in the cities, where it is active and even aggressive, would compel the PLATT organization to carry out reforms on which all good citizens are practically united. Moreover, as the evils that would thus be remedied had resulted in the dominance of the Democratic party in the State through frauds committed by city bosses, it was supposed that party politics would compel some of the reforms. It turns out that the good people of the State were mistaken; that the connection between the rascals of the two parties is closer and more intimate than they imagined. The Legislature has adjourned without accomplishing any of the greater reforms that were demanded of it, while the reform measures which it did pass were small tributes to an aroused public wrath that threatened the majority party with defeat, in spite of the growing weakness of the Democratic party.

It was expected that the Legislature would pass a bill providing for a blanket ballot. An excellent measure was prepared for it by the City Club, but it was too good for the majority. It was evident from the first that both machines were opposed to a blanket ballot. The bills that did pass both Houses, however, would have been accepted as a short step towards reform. But final action was so delayed over the struggle between an individual paster and a blanket paster that the bill fell under a veto. In the last hours of the session there was an unseemly struggle between the Governor and the Republican majority in the Legislature, each endeavoring to put the other in a hole, the Governor insisting on a blanket paster in a veto message which he gave to the press before the bill had reached him, and the Republicans holding back the bill until the last twenty-four hours of the session, in order that the Governor might not gain his point; for there is hardly a doubt that if the bill had been sent to him in time the Legislature would have been compelled to comply with his demand. In that event the State would at least have obtained the blanket ballot. As it is, ballot reform has been beaten by the two machines.

The Legislature has also refused to extend the operation of the corrupt practices act to provide that party committees shall be compelled to make oath to itemized accounts of campaign expenditures. The easy manner in which the corrupt practices act is now evaded by candidates is discreditable to the State. If they disbursed their own money they would be obliged to swear to itemized accounts, but they may contribute a lump sum to a club, or a bail, or a campaign committee, and the purpose of the statute, which is to prevent the corrupt use of money in elections, is defeated.

The Legislature was asked to thoroughly investigate the government of this city. Under the system which the State had established the city was plundered. It was ruled by vulgar bosses and acknowledged criminals. The scandals were notorious. While the Legislature was in session a number of the members of Tammany Hall were convicted of frauds at the last election, and were sentenced to fine and imprisonment. Others fled the jurisdiction of the State and forfeited their bail. The leaders of the Hall, including Croker and his henchman Divver, were powerless to protect them, and were conveniently out of the State when their wretched followers were receiving the penalties of the laws they had outraged in behalf of the bosses. The honest citizens demanded that the Legislature should discover why Croker was rich. He had been in politics for a vocation. A few years ago he was poor. Within a short time he has begun to expend money as if he were a millionaire. He holds no office, and yet he confesses that he controls the government of this municipality. How is it possible, under the laws of the State of New York, that its chief city may be in the power of an autocrat who is a private citizen, and who apparently grows rich on his rule?

It was this inquiry that the people of the city asked the Legislature to make. But another autocrat intervened. Platt also holds no office, but he controlled the Republican majority in the Legislature, and he prevented the investigation which was demanded, in return for a division of the city's spoils. The Republican leaders in the Senate and the Assembly, including Speaker Malby, came to New York nearly every week to receive their orders. Half of the patronage and plunder of the police force was the price that Croker was willing to pay for immunity from a general investigation. If the bipartisan police commission bill goes further than the trade contemplated, it is because during the last two weeks of the session the majority became alarmed at the general outburst of indignant remonstrance from the city and the State. But it nevertheless remains true that the general investigation was denied by the Republican majority; that the Lexow committee was and is a conscious sham and fraud; and that, so far as the Legislature is concerned, New York city is to day nearly as helpless in Croker's clutches as it was six months ago.

The Legislature passed three bills demanded by the reformers—the Mayor's bill, under which if an anti-Tammany Mayor should be elected next fall he could remove the Tammany heads of departments; the Sheriff's bill, which abolishes fees and deprives Tammany of between $50,000 and $60,000 of its corruption fund; and the Dock Department bill, which is intended to put an end to flagrant corruptions in that department. The close connection between Platt and Croker was shown in the vote in the Senate on the first Sheriff's bill. Four Republican Senators voted against it and with Tammany. These Senators, however, had not counted on the lively interest that the people were taking in their proceedings. The angry cry with which their turpitude was greeted produced an almost instantaneous effect. The bill was slightly amended by increasing the Sheriff's salary, and quickly passed through both Houses.

Whatever has been accomplished has been the result of popular pressure concentrated through an almost unanimous press. This is especially true of the rapid-transit bill that was finally adopted. Tammany and the Manhattan Elevated Company were united in opposition to any bill that would give the city real rapid transit. The history of this opposition has been already narrated in the Weekly. At last, however, the Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Trade, the Real Estate Exchange, the City Club, the Good Government Clubs, and the newspapers gained a partial victory. A bill was passed which Tammany thought could be beaten either in the Executive Chamber or at the polls. The Republican majority gave to New York only the shadow of what was asked by the representatives of an overwhelming public sentiment.

This partial review of the shortcomings of one of the worst Legislatures that ever met at Albany does not encourage hope of good from party government. On the other hand, the conduct of the press and of men of character and position, and the aroused public interest in behalf of good government, are hopeful signs of a coming regeneration of State and city politics. The days of the present bosses are numbered. How long the State and city shall remain without other and perhaps corrupter bosses depends upon the persistence of good citizens in the practice of civic virtues.

THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON SECONDARY EDUCATION.

Nothing better illustrates the fact that the present great revival of interest in education as such is world-wide in extent and influence than the attitude of the leading nations of the world toward the manifold and complex problems of secondary education. It has not been forgotten how, in December, 1890, the eyes of all Germany were fixed on Berlin, where a conference assembled at the request of the Emperor to consider the broad question of secondary education, and to devise means to extend its opportunities and benefits. Before that conference Emperor William delivered what is perhaps the most notable of his many short speeches, and insisted with picturesque eloquence that the schools must train young Germans, and not young Greeks and Romans. The work of the now celebrated American Committee of Ten was undertaken in a similar spirit, and the enthusiastic popular reception of its report is ample evidence that the time was ripe for reform.

And now England enters the lists. In response to numerous requests and suggestions from university professors and secondary-school trustees, the government has just designated a Royal Commission of seventeen members "to consider what are the best methods of establishing a well-organized system of secondary education in England, taking into account existing deficiencies, and having regard to such local sources of revenue from endowments and otherwise as are available or can be made available for this purpose." It will be observed that the problem to be solved in England is a very different one from that which confronts Germany and the United States. In the latter countries the machinery of secondary education exists, and is in good running order, and the task to be undertaken is its increased educational efficiency and adaptability. In England, on the contrary, the machinery of secondary education, on anything approaching a national scale, has yet to be created. Therefore the new Royal Commission has to address itself first to questions of administration and finance, and only in an incidental way to the far-reaching educational problems that were before the Berlin Conference and the Committee of Ten.

INTERNATIONAL BIMETALLISM.

Honest men may honestly differ on the question of international bimetallism. There are sober and competent observers who maintain that the supply of gold will not be sufficient for the needs of the nations whose currency now rests on the gold standard, and that if a considerable number of other nations also adopt the gold standard the supply cannot possibly be adequate. With the stoppage of the free coinage of silver last June, British India took a step which may mean an eventual endeavor to adopt the complete gold standard; while in Russia there are signs of preparation toward getting rid of the irredeemable paper money and resuming specie payments on a gold basis. Even Japan is considering the advisability of adopting an effective gold standard. If these countries add their demands to those of the United States, England, France, Germany, Austria, and the other countries of advanced civilization which now use the gold standard, it may be that embarrassment will ensue from the insufficiency of the supply of the yellow metal.

On the other hand, equally trained and competent judges contend that there is no sufficient evidence of ill results, past or future, from a scarcity of gold. If prices have tended downward of late years, money wages and incomes have tended upward. The machinery of credit is spreading and improving the world over. The efficiency of the existing money supply is becoming greater and greater. The production of gold, moreover, is on the increase. It might, indeed, be difficult, almost impossible, to displace at once the great quantity of overvalued silver now circulating in France, Germany, and the United States, and to substitute for it actual gold. But this is not necessary for the maintenance of the gold standard, so long as no further addition is made to this mass of silver. The gold standard exists, and can be maintained without difficulty, and it works no real evils. International bimetallism—even supposing it to be practicable to secure an agreement between the nations—would be a leap in the dark, not justified by any existing or impending dangers.

As between these two views, to repeat, there may be honest difference of opinion. Those who advocate international bimetallism stand on very different ground from the inflationists who advocate free coinage of silver by the United States alone. It is true that when they exaggerate, to say the least, the evils of the past and present, and ascribe depression to scarcity of the currency, they give aid and comfort to the silver hot-heads, and promote wild talk about gold monopolists and the oppression of the debtor class. But their motives are none the less sincere, and there is some weight to what they put forth, and they deserve a respectful and considerate hearing.

On the other hand, it is absurd to treat those who advocate the maintenance of the gold standard substantially as it now exists as if they were enemies of mankind or selfish advocates of the interests of rich creditors. Senator Lodge, from whom something more rational might be expected, has introduced in the Senate a proposition to impose discriminating duties on articles imported from England, unless she consents to take steps towards establishing international bimetallism. He accompanied his proposal with a wild harangue about the ingrained selfishness of Great Britain, and the necessity of vigorous measures to prevent her from subjecting the rest of mankind to her sinister policy. This is very much in line with the nonsense which protectionists are in the habit of uttering about the determination of England to crush our infant industries and reduce us to a state of industrial slavery. One would suppose that the case for bimetallism was clear as noonday, and that those who opposed it must either be fools or knaves. The fact is that no government has a stronger pecuniary interest in keeping up the price of silver and maintaining a fixed rate between silver and gold than Great Britain. Her relations with India make a fall in the price of silver a cause of great and increasing embarrassment to her finances. If England hesitates about international bimetallism, it is because the case for it, to say the least, has not been made out. Is it possible that Senator Lodge's hysterical speech and rampant proposal are merely designed to throw a sop to the silver men? Does he mean to bring about an alliance between the champions of protection and the champions of silver, by trying to show the latter that they could get international bimetallism if they would only support the protectionists in a fierce industrial warfare against England? We all know that a combination of this kind brought about the simultaneous enactment of the McKinley tariff act and the Sherman silver act in 1890. Are we to be threatened with more of these degrading deals?

As for the United States, now that we have done with the Sherman law and the silver issues, we can simply let the silver question rest. We certainly have plenty of currency at present, and of all countries are least likely to suffer from dearth. We can let the question of international bimetallism wait, and need not bluster and pretend that it is a crime against the nations if other countries also are content with the currency basis as it is. We are in a better position to maintain the gold standard than any other nation, provided always that we have done with the silverite and inflationist policies. Let us hold fast to the gold basis; while if other countries wish to move in the direction of international bimetallism, let them take the initiative in earnest, and give us a chance to see what they really propose to undertake.

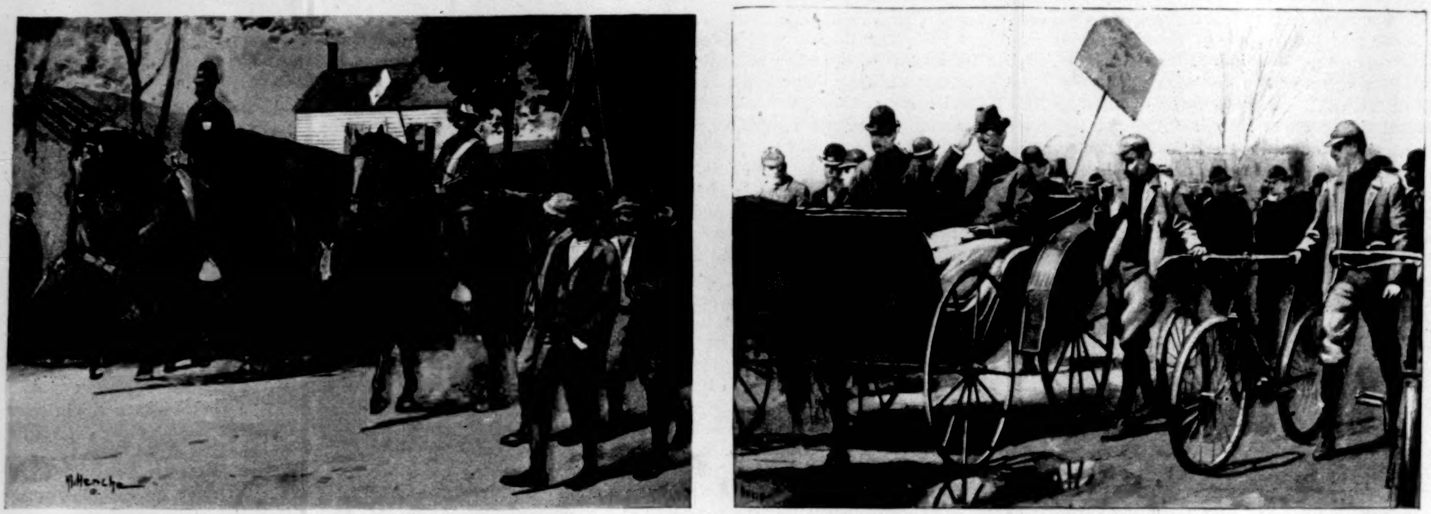
MR. CURTIS'S ORATIONS.

The third volume of the *Orations and Addresses of George William Curtis*, issued by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, is calculated to give a fuller and more varied impression of his gifts as a public speaker than either of those that have preceded it. It is devoted to what, for lack of a better term, are called memorial addresses—not a phrase suggestive of the highest attraction; but one has only to glance over the table of contents to perceive what was the scope of Mr. Curtis's service in this kind to his generation, and how sure it is to benefit not this generation alone. The memories he illustrates, enforces, and hands down to those who shall come after are those of the Revolution, the sharp birth-struggle of the nation; those of the later period of the life of Washington, the formative period in which the bases of the government were determined; those of the antislavery conflict, in which the conscience and reason of the people finally asserted their sway; and lastly, those of the mighty war for the Union and for freedom, in which the national spirit was first evoked, and then developed, consolidated, disciplined, and made, humanly speaking, forever indestructible. Here are noble and lofty themes, and they are loftily and nobly treated.

Of the "Centennial" addresses there are four—Concord, Saratoga, the Evacuation of New York, and the Celebration on Staten Island—to which may be added the Washington Memorial Arch. The war for the Union furnishes the Sedgwick oration, that at the unveiling of the Soldiers' Monument at Pittsfield, and the supreme effort at Gettysburg on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle. Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips represent the antislavery period most distinctly. There is an address on Garfield full of the poignant emotion of the hour, and of grave warning as to the spoils system which unhinged the mind of the assassin; there are the addresses on Bryant and Lowell, and—a jewel of unrivalled brilliancy and delicacy—the address on Burns. If we were called upon to select a single volume to be placed in the hands of a young man that he might acquire from it the clearest and soundest impression possible as to the significance of the great events of American history, and in a way that would most wisely and surely guide him in his present duty as an American citizen, we know of none that could compare with this volume of Mr. Curtis's orations. It is the work not merely of one of the most richly endowed and thoroughly trained writers and speakers of our day, but of one who combined the qualities of the historian, the statesman, and the moralist. It has been remarked of Mr. Curtis that to some extent his charm veiled his power. The present volume reveals his extraordinary power in connection with the greatest charm. In the Centennial orations are embodied a study of the character and influence of Washington that has no superior in breadth, penetration, and sympathetic insight, and a score of the great men of the early times remain with the reader more real, more vital, more intimately associated with his thought and feeling for his country, than all the volumes of history have made them.

The addresses on Bryant and Lowell are peculiarly interesting for the light they shed on Mr. Curtis's own life. Like him these two were at once men of letters and deeply concerned and actively laboring in the conflicts of their day. More strictly devoted than he to literature, making a larger contribution in the form that is preserved on library shelves, profoundly inspired by the elusive and perpetual charm of intellectual production, we cannot resist the impression that these gifts, great as they were, were not greater than he would have manifested had he chosen their pursuit. The suggestion is inevitable from the purely literary excellence of these two addresses, among the most perfect in style, in proportion, in indefinable attraction of composition, of Mr. Curtis's life. But even more important is the distinct revelation of the author's own ideal afforded by his estimate of the careers of these two of the most individual men of his time. The high patriotism, the unfaltering and generous devotion to the best in the public life of their country, the purity of all their relations to that life, their impregnable self-respect, their instinctive and indomitable independence, their openness of mind, and unwearying quest of the right in times of confusion and contention, what are these — every reader must ask — but the qualities that made of Mr. Curtis the same kind of man and citizen that they were?

It is evident, as the series draws to a close, that these volumes of orations and addresses are to take their place as the chief lasting contribution of the orator to American literature. It is a striking fact in connection with them that while they recall most delightfully to those that may have heard them the orator's personality, his grace and dignity of presence, the music of his voice, the spell of his delivery, these will not be missed by those who know the speeches by reading only. We feel, as we close each successive volume, that we may apply to Mr. Curtis the words he spoke of Mr. Lowell: "His literary achievement, his patriotic distinction, and his ennobling influence upon the character and lives of generous American youth gave him at last power to speak with more authority than any living American for the intellect and conscience of America."



"MARSHAL" CARL BROWNE ON HIS CHARGER.

"GENERAL" COXEY, ACCOMPANIED BY REPORTERS WITH BICYCLES.

"COXEY'S ARMY" APPROACHING WASHINGTON, APRIL 30TH.

COXEY IN WASHINGTON.

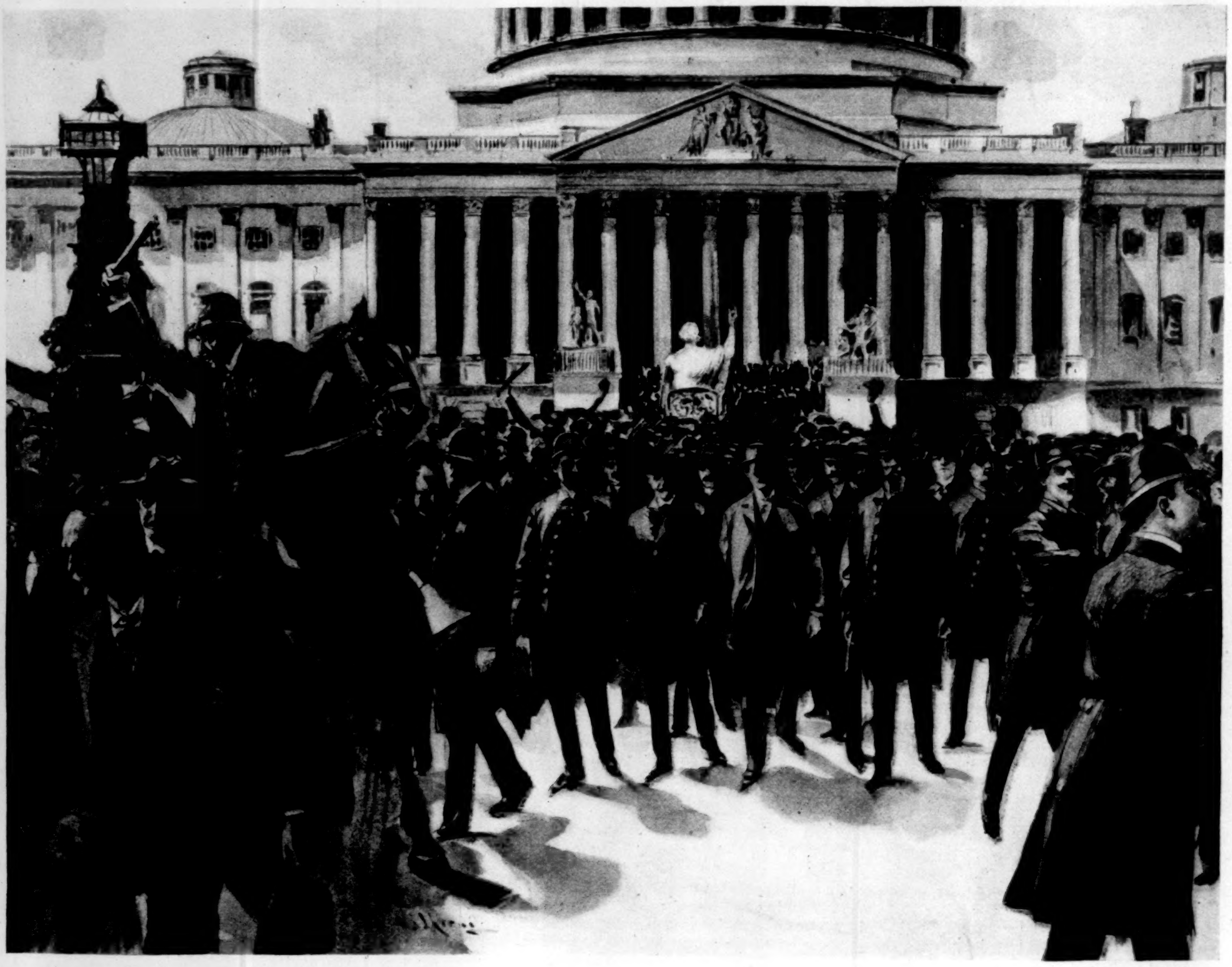
MAY day in Washington gave the people of that city the opportunity to witness the strangest sight ever vouchsafed to a town accustomed to many strange and exciting demonstrations. The "Army of the Commonweal," a body of some 300 to 400 men, had on Sunday reached Brightwood Park, an old race-course in the northern suburbs, after a march of 600 miles, from Massillon, Ohio. Vast numbers of the curious, taking advantage of the holiday, flocked to the park, to find the so-called army nothing but a company of tramps, ragged, dirty, weary, half-fed, unsheltered, held together by a chimera—the determination of Coxey, the promoter of the movement, to deliver from the steps of the Capitol a speech in advocacy of his proposition that $500,000,000 of paper money be issued by the government to employ workmen in the construction and improvement of the public roads, in the expectation that it would be answered at once by favorable legislation.

The sight was not a picturesque one, in spite of a few banners and a scant supply of small flags on "peace sticks," and to some of the spectators it was melancholy in spite of its ridiculous features. Carl Browne, the marshal of the army, led the way, after the escort of police, mounted on a fine stallion, and by his side rode the sixteen-year-old daughter of "General" Coxey, in a habit of white, her abundant blond hair floating in masses of ringlets from beneath a red mob-cap. The inspirer and supporter of the army, a plain-featured little man in spectacles, rode in a phaeton drawn by a pair of his own black horses. His wife sat by him, and held in her lap their infant, little "Legal Tender" Coxey.

Browne wore a buckskin jacket and sombrero, over-greasy and stained; and Christopher Columbus Jones, the leader of the contingent that had been contributed by Philadelphia, a tall, lank, long-bearded man, appeared in a dusty suit of clothes, much the worse for wear and exposure, and with a "plug" hat. Behind the captains and the wagons of the commissary, very scantily provided with camping implements, was a straggling line of wretched Commonwealers, divided into communes instead of companies, marching without regard to step, but all evidently with weariness. Their raggedness was common, and their clothing had the creased and crumpled look that comes of continuous wear day and night. Jaded, spiritless, hungry, dirty, purposeless, indifferent to fate, as most of them undoubtedly were, although two-thirds of them were not above twenty years of age, uninspiring the sight was.

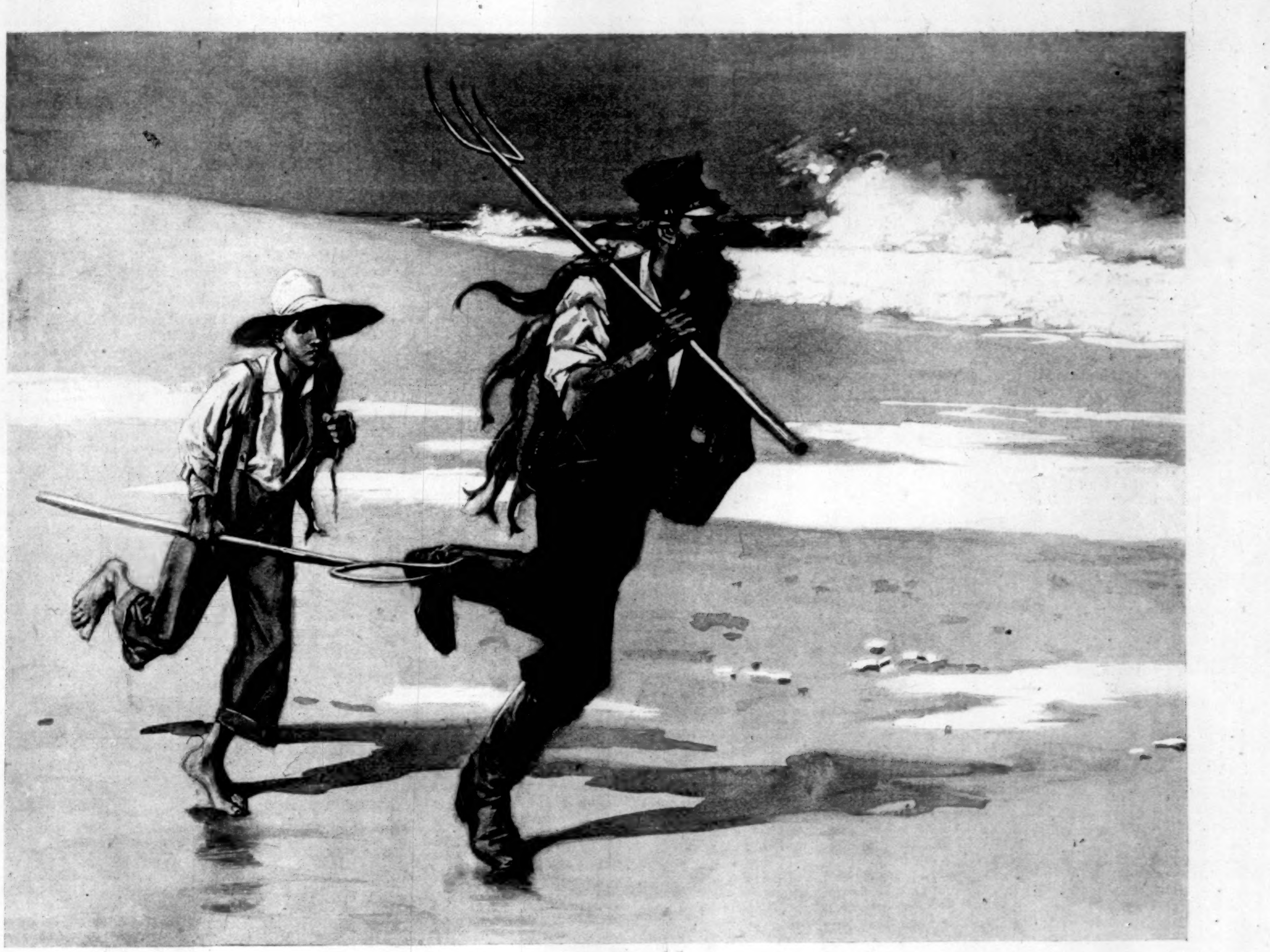
Escorted through the streets by the police, the "army" reached the Capitol soon after one o'clock. Ten thousand spectators occupied the plaza and the approach to the building. Mounted policemen guarded the Capitol reservation. Through this line the ragged trampers did not attempt to force their way. "Gen." Coxey was escorted by District of Columbia policemen to the Capitol steps. There he was met by Capitol policemen. He proposed to make a speech, but the Capitol police, in whose jurisdiction he was, refused to permit him. Drawing from his pocket a paper, he proposed to read his protest against the refusal to allow him to exercise the right of petition in a public manner. Without other force than that of nudging elbows, without touching him with hands, the Capitol police shouldered him beyond their jurisdiction and into the jurisdiction of the city police. He then desisted from his purpose.

Carl Browne and Columbus Jones were not so law-abiding. Leaving his horse at the edge of the reservation, Browne leaped the stone coping, and started for the south-eastern entrance to the House by a short-cut. The police followed on their horses, overtook him before he had gone half the distance across the plaza, and surrounding him, prodded him with their sticks, while they forced him to the street. There he was arrested, and he and his subordinate Jones were taken to the city lock-up. No such crowd was ever seen on the east plaza, except on inauguration days. So much of it as kept out of the way enjoyed the coolness and determination of the police, who had been carefully instructed in advance, and carried out their instructions to the letter. An hour after Coxey had been discouraged and Browne arrested the plaza was clear, and the crowds that had gathered from all parts of the city to enjoy a dramatic scene were returning in swarms to their homes, most of them having seen nothing whatever.



"GENERAL" COXEY ESCORTED FROM THE CAPITOL.

FROM SKETCHES BY T. DART WALKER.



“WE SHALL NEVER DO IT, FATHER.”—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER II.

THE DEAD MAN MAKES HIS FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE.

THE death of his father—of whom he had seen so little—gave Matt a haunting sense of the unsubstantiality of things. What! that strong, wiry man, with the shrewd, weather-beaten face and the great tanned hands and tattooed arms, was only a log swirling in the currents of unknown waters! In vain he strove to figure him as a nebulous spirit—the composition would not come right. Nay, the incongruity seemed to him to touch blasphemy. His father belonged to the earth and the seas, had no kinship with clouds. How well he remembered the day, nearly three years ago, when they had parted forever, and, indeed, it had been sufficiently stamped upon the tablets of memory without this final blow.

It is a day of burning August—so torrid that they have left their coats on the beach. They are out on the sand flats, wading for salmon among the giant saucers of salt water left by the tide. What fun it is spearing the fish in a joyous rivalry that makes the fishers wellnigh jab each other's toes with their pitchforks, and completely tear each other's shirt sleeves away in the friendly tussle for a darting monster, so that the heat blisters their arms with great white blobs that stand out against the brown of the boy's skin and the ornamental coloring of the man's. Now and then in their early course, when tiny threads of water spurt from holes in the sand, they pause to dig up the delicate clam, with savory anticipations of chowder. Further and further they wander till their backs are bowed with the spoil, the shellfish in a little basket, the scaly fish strung together by a small rope passing through their gills. The boy carries the shad and the man the heavier salmon. At last as they are turning homewards, late in the afternoon, Matt stands still suddenly, rapt by the poetry of the scene, the shimmering pools, the stretch of brown sand, the background of red headlands, crowned with scattered yellow farms embosomed in sombre green spruces, and brooding over all, the windless circle of the horizon, its cold blue veiled and warmed and softened by a palpitating luminous diaphanous haze of pale amethyst tinged with rose.

“Come along, sonny,” says his father, looking back.

But the boy lingers still till the man rejoins him, puzzled.

“What's in the wind?” he asks. “Is Farmer Wade's barn on fire?”

“Everything's on faar,” says the boy, waving his pitchfork comprehensively.

David Strang smiles. “Why, you're like brother Matt,” he says, in amused astonishment. All day his son's prattle has amused the stranger, but this is a revelation.

“Like your wicked brother Matt?” queries the boy, in amaze. David's smile gleams droller.

“Avast, there, you mustn't hearken to the mother. She knows naught o' Matt 'cept what I told her. She is Halifax bred, and we lived 'way up country. I ran away to sea, and left him anchored on dad's farm. When I made port again dad was gone to glory, and Matt to England with a petticoat in tow.”

“But mother said he sold the farm, and your share too.”

“And if he didn't it's a pity. He had improved the land, hadn't he? and I might have been sarved up at fish dinners for all he knew. I don't hold with this Frenchy law that says all the bairns must share and share alike. The good old Scotch fashion is good 'nough for me—Matt's the heir, and God bless him.”

“Then why didn't you marry a Scotch woman?” asks Matt, with childish irrelevance.

“'Twas your mother's fault,” answers David, with a half-whimsical, half-pathetic expression.

“And why didn't you take her to sea with you?”

“Nay, nay; the mother has no stomach for it, nor I neither. An' then there was Harriet—a little body in long-clothes. An' the land was pretty nigh cleared,” he adds, with a suspicion of apology in his accent, “an' we couldn't grow 'nough to pay the mortgage if I hadn't shipped again.”

“And why am I like uncle?”

“Oh, he used ter be allus lookin' at the sky, not to find out whether to git the hay in, mind you, but to make little picturs on the sly in the hay-mow on Sundays, an' at last he sold the farm an' went to London to make 'em.”

Matt's heart begins to throb—a strange new sense of kinship stirs within him.

“Hev you got any of them air picturs?” he inquires, eagerly.

“Not one,” says David, shaking his head contemptuously. “His clouds were all right, because clouds may be anything, but when he came to cows, their own dams wouldn't know 'em, and as for his ships—why, he used ter hoist every inch o' canvas in a hur'cane. I wouldn't trust him to tattoo a galley-boy. But he had a power of industry, dear old Matt, and I guess he's larnt better now, for when I writ to him tellin' him I was alive and goin' to get spliced, he writ back he was settled in London in the pictur line, and makin' money at it, and good luck to him.”

Matt's heart swells. That one can actually make money by making pictures is a new idea. He has never imagined that money can be made so easily. Why, he might help to pay off the mortgage! He does not see the need of going to London to make them—he can make them quite well here in his odd moments, and one day he will send them all to this wonderful kinsman of his and ask him to sell them. Five hundred at sixpence each—why, it sounds like one of those faery calculations with which McTavit sometimes dazzles the school-room. He wonders vaguely whether pictures are equally vendible at that other mighty city whence his mother came, and, if so, whether he may not perhaps help her to accomplish the dream of her married life—the dream of going back there.

“An' uncle's got the same name as me!” he cries, in ecstasy.

“I should put it t'other way, sonny,” says his father, dryly; “though when I give it you in his honor I didn't calc'late it 'ud make you take arter him. But don't you git it into yer figure-head that you're goin' to London—you've jest got ter stay right here and look arter the farm for mother. See? The picturs that God's made are good 'nough fer me—thet's so.”

“Oh yes, dad. I shall allus stay on here,” answers Matt, readily. “It's Billy who allus wants to be a pirate. Silly Billy! He says—”

His father silences him with a sudden “Damn!”

“What's the matter?” he asks, startled.

“I guess you're the silly Billy, standin' jabberin' when the tide's a-rushin' in. We'll hev to run fer it.”

Matt gives a hasty glance to the left, then takes to his heels straight across the sands in pace with his father. The famous “bore” of the Bay of Fundy is racing towards them from the left, and to get to shore they must shoot straight across the galloping current. They are at the head of the bay, where the tide reaches a maximum speed of ten miles an hour, and the sailor, so rarely at home, has forgotten its idiosyncrasy.

“You might ha' kep' your weather eye open,” he growls. “I wonder you've never been drownded afore.”

“We shall never do it, father,” pants Matt, taking no notice of the reproach, for the waves are already lapping the rim of the little sand island (cut out by fresh-water rivulets) on which they find themselves, and the pools in which they had waded are filling up rapidly.

“Throw 'em away,” jerks the father, and Matt, with a sigh of regret, unstrings his piscine treasures, and economically putting the string into his pocket, speeds on with renewed strength. But the sun flares mercilessly through the fulgent haze, and when they reach the end of their island they step into three feet of water, with the safe shore a quarter of a mile off. David Strang, a human revolver in oaths, goes off in a favorite sequence of shots, but hangs fire after the first, as if damped.

“Strikes me the mother 'll quote Scripture,” he says, grimly, instead.

“I suppose you can't swim, sonny?” he adds.

“Not so fur nor thet,” says Matt, meekly.

David grunts in triumphant anger, and shifting his pitchfork to his left hand, he grasps Matt with his right, and lifts him back on to the burning sand, already soddened by a thin frothy wash.

“Now, then, han' us yer fork,” he says, crossly. He knocks out the iron prongs of both the pitchforks, ties the wooden handles securely together by the string from Matt's discarded fish, and fixes the apparatus across the boy's breast and under his arms. To finish the job easily he has to climb back on the sand island; for, though he stands in a little eddy, it is impossible to keep his feet against the fierce swirl of the waters, and even on the island, where there are as yet only a few inches of sea, the less sturdy Matt is almost swept away to the right by the mad cavalry charge of the tide on his left flank.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1950.

"Now, then," cries David, "it's about time we were home to supper. I'll swim ye for your flapjacks."

"But, father," says Matt, "you're not going to carry the fish on your back?"

"They won't carry me on theirs," David laughs, regaining his good-humor as the critical moment arrives. "What would the mother think if we came home without a prize in tow? Avast, there. I'll larn you how I'll get out of carryin' 'em on my back."

And with a chuckle he launches himself into the eddy, and shoots forward with a vigorous side stroke. "This side up with care," he cries, cheerily. "Jump, sonny, straight for'ards." And in a moment the man and the boy are swimming hard for the strip of shore directly opposite the sand island, the spot where they had left their coats hours before; but neither has the slightest expectation of reaching it, for the tide is sweeping them with fearful volocity to the right of it, so that their course is diagonal, and if they make land at all it will be very far from their original starting-point. David keeps the boy to port, and adjusts his stroke to his. After a while, feeling himself well buoyed up by the handles, Matt breathes more easily, and gradually becomes quite happy, for the water is calm on the surface, and of the warmth and color of tepid *café au lait*, quite a refreshing coolness after the tropical air, and he watches with pleasure the rosy haze deepening into purple without losing its transparency. They pass sea-gulls fighting over the dead fish which Matt left behind, and which have been carried ahead of him in their unresisting course.

"We're drifting powerful from them air coats," grumbles David. "'Twill be a tiresome walk back. If it warn't for them we could cut across country when we make port."

Matt strains his vision to the left, but sees only the purple outline of Five Islands, and in the far background the faint peaks of the Cobequid Hills.

"Waal, I'm darned!" exclaims his father, suddenly. "If them air coats ain't comin' to meet us, it's a pity."

And presently, sure enough, Matt catches sight of the coats hastening along near the shore.

"We must cut 'em off afore they pass by," cries his father, hilariously. "Spurt, sonny, spurt. 'Tis a race 'twixt them and us."

Sea-birds begin to circle low over their heads, scenting David's fish; but he pushes steadily on, animating his son with playful racing cries.

"We oughter back the coats," he observes. "They've backed us many a time. Just a leetle quicker," he says, at last, "or they'll git past yonder p'int, and then they're off to Truro."

Matt kicks out more lustily, then his heart almost stops still as he suddenly sees Death beneath the lovely purple haze. It is the human swimmers who are in danger of being carried off to Truro if they do not make the shore earlier than "yonder p'int," for Matt remembers all at once that it is the last point for miles, the shore curving deeply inwards. Even if they reach the point in time, they will be thrown back by the centrifugal swirl; they must touch the shore earlier to get in safely. He perceives his father has been aware of the danger from the start, and has been disguising his anxiety under the pretext of racing the coats. He feels proud of this strong brave man, the cold terror passes from his limbs, and he spurts bravely.

"That's a little man," says David; "we'll catch 'em yet. Lucky it's sandstone yonder 'stead o' sand—no fear o' gittin' sucked in."

Now it is the shore that seems racing to meet them—the red reef sticks out a friendly finger, and in another five minutes they are perched upon it, like Gulliver on the Brobdingnagian's thumb; and what is more, they tie with their coats, meeting them just at the landing-place.

David laughs a long Homeric laugh at the queerness of the incident, quivering like a dog that shakes himself after a swim, and Matt smiles too.

"Them air sea-birds air a bit off their feed, that's a fact," chuckles David, as he surveys his fish, and then the two cut across the forest, drying and steaming in the sun, the elder exhorting the younger to silence, and hiding the prongless pitchforks in the hay-mow before they enter the house, all smiles and salmon.

At the early tea-supper they sit in dual isolation at one end of the table, their chairs close. But lo! Mrs. Strang, passing the hot flapjacks or "corn-dodgers" with the superfluous perambulations of an excitable temperament, brushes the back of her hand against Matt's jacket, starts, pauses, and brushes it with her palm.

"Why, the boy's wringin' wet!" she cries.

"We went wadin'," David reminds her, meekly.

"Yes, but you don't wade on your heads," she retorts.

"I sorter tumbled," Matt puts in, anxious to exonerate his father.

Mrs. Strang passes her hand down her husband's jacket.

"An' father kinder stooped to pick me up," adds Matt.

"You're a nice Moloch to trust with one's children!" she exclaims, in terrible accents.

David shrinks before the blaze of her eyes, almost feeling his coat drying under it.

"An' when you can't manage to drownd 'em you try to kill 'em with rheumatics, and then *I* have all the responsibility. It's 'nough to make a body throw up the position. Take off your clothes, both o' you."

Both of them look at each other, feeling vaguely the indelicacy of stripping at table. They put their hands to their jackets as if to compromise, then a simultaneous recollection crimsons their faces—their shirt sleeves are gone. So David rises solemnly and leads the way up stairs, and Matt follows, and Mrs. Strang's voice brings up the rear, and goes with them into the bedroom, stinging and excoriating. They shut the door, but it comes through the keyhole and winds itself about their naked limbs (Mrs. Strang distributing flapjacks to her brood all the while), and David, biting his lips to block the muzzle of his oath-repeater—for he never swears before mother and the children except when he is not angry—suddenly remembers that if he is to join his ship at St. John by Thursday he must take the packet from Partridge Island to-morrow. His honey-moon is over; he has this honey-moon every two or three years, and his beautiful beloved is all amorousness and amiability, and the best room with the cane-bottomed chairs is thrown open for occupation, but after a few weeks the turtle is revealed as mock, and then it is David who throws up the position, and goes down to the sea in a ship, and does more business—of a mysterious sort—in the great waters. And so on the morrow of the adventure he kisses his bairns and his wife—all amorousness and amiability again—and passes with wavings of his stick along the dusty road, under the red hemlocks, over the brow of the hill, and so—into the great Beyond. Passes, and with him all that savor of strange, romantic seas, all that flavor of bustling, foreign soils that he brings to the lonely farm, and that cling about it even in his absence, exuding from envelopes with picturesque stamps and letters with exotic headings; passes, narrowing the universe for his little ones, and making their own bit of soil sterner and their winter colder. He is dead, this brawny, sun-tanned father, incredibly dead, and the dead face haunts Matt—no vaporous mask, but stonily substantial, bobbing grewsomely in a green sickly light, fathoms down, with froth on its lips, and slimy things of the sea twining in its hair. He looks questioningly at his own face in the fragment of mirror, trying to realize that it, too, will undergo petrifaction, and wondering how and when. He looks at his mother's face furtively, and wonders if the volcano beneath it will ever really sleep; he pictures her rigid, underground, the long black eyelashes neatly drawn down, and is momentarily pleased with the piquant contrast they make with the waxen skin. Is it possible the freshness and beauty of Harriet's face can decay too? Can Billy sink to a painless rest, with his leg perhaps growing straight again? Ah! mayhap in Billy's case Death were no such grisly mystery.

Morbid thoughts enough for a boy who should be profiting by the goodness of the northwester towards boykind. But even before this greater tragedy, last year's accident had taken the zest out of Matt's enjoyment of the ice; in former good years he had been the first to cut fancy figures on the ponds and frozen marshes, or to coast down the slopes in a barrel stave fitted with an upright and a cross-piece—a machine of his own invention worthy of the race of craftsmen from which he sprang. But this year the glow of the skater's blood became the heat of remorse when he saw or remembered Billy's wistful eyes; he gave up skating, and contented himself with modelling the annual man of snow for the school at Cobequid Village.

In the which village (to take time a little by the forelock) his father's death did not remain a wonder for the proverbial nine days. For a week the young men chewing their evening quid under the verandas of the one village road in the frost-dulled glow of the glass fronts of the stores, or gazing up vacantly at the flitting lights in the gabled dormer-windows of the snow-roofed wooden houses, spoke in their slightly nasal accent (with an emphasis on the "r") of the "pear'ls of the watter," and sometimes sauntered within and leant on the counters and spoke to the damsels behind about "the watter and its pear'ls," and expectorated copiously, presumably in lieu of weeping. And the outlying farmers who dashed up with a lively jingle of sleigh-bells to tether their horses to the hitching-posts outside the stores, or to the picket-fence surrounding the little wooden meeting-house (for the most combined business with religion), were regaled with the news ere they had finished swathing their beasts in their buffalo-robes and "boots"; and it lent an added solemnity to the appeal of the snow-crusted spire standing out ghostly against the indigo sky, and of the frosty windows, glowing mystically with blood in the gleam of the chandelier lamps, and, mayhap, wrought more than the drawling exposition of the fusty, frock-coated minister. And the old grannies, smoking their clay pipes as they crouched nidnodding over the winter hearth, their wizened faces ruddy with firelight, mumbled and grunted contentedly over the titbit, and sighed through snuff-clogged nostrils as they spread their gnarled, skinny hands to the dancing, balsamic blaze. But after everybody had mourned and moralized and expectorated for seven days, a new death came to oust David Strang's from popular favor—a death which had not only novelty, but equal sensationalism, combined with a more genuinely local tang, for it involved a funeral at home. Handsome Susan Hailey, driving her horses recklessly, her black feather waving gallantly in the wind, had dashed her sleigh upon a trunk, uprooted by the storm and hidden by the snow. She was flung forward, her head striking the tree, so that the brave feather dribbled blood, while the horses bolted off to Cobequid Village to bear the tragic news in the empty sleigh. And so the young men with the carbuncles of tobacco in their cheek expectorated more and spoke of the "pear'ls of the land," and walking home from the singing-class the sopranos discussed it with the basses, and in the sewing-circles, where the matrons met to make under-garments for the heathen, there was much shaking of the head, with retrospective prophesyings and whispers of drink, and commiseration for "ole Hey," and all the adjacent villages went to the sermon at the house, the deceased lady being, as the minister (to whose salary she annually contributed two kegs of rum) remarked in his nasal address, "universally respected." And everybody, including the Strangs and their collie, went on to the lonesome graveyard—some on horse and some on foot and some in sleighs, the coffin leading the way in a pung, or long box-sleigh—a far-stretching black nondescript procession crawling dismally over the white moaning landscape, between the zigzag ridges of snow marking the buried fences, past the trailing disconsolate firs, and under the white funereal plumes of the pines.

CHAPTER III.

THE COUNCIL-FIRE AND THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Other rumors, too, came by coach to the village—rumors of blizzard and shipwreck—each with its opportunities of exhortation and expectoration. But in the lonely forest home past which the coach rattled without stopping, the tragic end of David Strang stood out in equal loneliness. For Death, when he smites the poor, often wields a two-edged sword, cutting off not only the beloved, but the bread-winner; and though the Strangs made their own bread, yet it was David who kept the roof over their head and the ground under their feet. But for his remittances the interest on the mortgage under which they held the farm and the house could not have been paid, for the produce barely maintained the cultivators, both Harriet and Matt eking out the resources of the family by earning a little in kind, sometimes even in money. Matt was a skilful soapmaker, decorating his bars with fanciful devices, and he delighted in "sugaring"—a poetic process involving a temporary residence in a log hut or a lumberman's cabin in the heart of the forest.

Now that the overdue mortgage-money had gone to the bottom of the sea, more money must be raised immediately. That the dead man had any claim upon the consideration of his employers did not occur to the bereaved family; rather it seemed he owed the owners compensation for the lost *Sally Bell*. A family council was held on the evening of the day so blackly begun. Not even the baby was excluded. It sat before the open-doored stove on its mother's lap and crowed at the great burning logs that silhouetted the walls with leaping shadows. Sprat, too, was present, crouched on "Matt's mat" (as the children called the rag mat he had braided), thrusting forward his black muzzle when the door rattled with special violence, and by his side lay the boy staring into the tumbling flames, yet taking the lead in the council with a new authoritative ring in his voice.

Wherever the realities of life beleaguer the soul, there children are born serious, and experience soon puts an old head on young shoulders. The beady-eyed papoose that the Indian squaw carries sandwichwise 'twixt back and board does not cry. Dump it down and it stands stolid like a black pawn on a chess-board. Hang it on a projecting knot in the props of a wigwam, and it sways like a snared rabbit. Matt Strang, strenuous little soul, had always a gravity beyond his years: his father's removal seemed to equal his years to his gravity. He knew himself the head of the house. Harriet, despite her superior summers, was of the wrong sex, and his mother, though she had physical force to back her, was not a reasoning being. For a time, no doubt, she would be quieted by that peace of the grave which all but the crowing infant felt solemnizing the household, but Matt had no hope of more than a truce.

It was the boy's brain and the boy's voice that prevailed at the council-fire. Daisy was to be killed and salted down and sold. Fortunately she was getting on in years, and, besides, they could never have had the heart to eat their poor old friend themselves, with her affectionate old nose and her faithful udders. The calves were to become veal, and all this meat, together with the fodder thus set free, Deacon Hailey was to be besought to take at a valuation in lieu of the mortgage-money, for money itself could not be hoped for from Cobequid Village. Though the "almighty dollar" ruled here as elsewhere, it was an unseen sovereign, whose imperial court was at Halifax. There Matt might have got current coin, here barter was all the vogue. For their own eating, Matt calculated (literally for once) that he would catch more rabbits and shoot more partridges than in years of yore, and in the summer work on neighboring farms. Harriet would have to extend her sewing practice, and collaborate with Matt in making shad-nets for the fishermen, and Mrs. Strang would get spinning jobs from the farmers' wives. Which being settled with a definiteness that left even a balance of savings, the widow handed the infant in her arms to Harriet, and, replacing it by the big Bible, she slipped on her spectacles with a nervous involuntary glance round the kitchen, and asked the six-year-old Teddy to stick a finger into the book. Opening the holy tome at that place, she began to read from the head to the end of the chapter in a solemn prophetic voice. She had no choice of texts; pricking was her invariable procedure when she felt a call to prelection, and the issue was an uncertainty dubiously delightful; for one day there would be a story or a miracle to stir the children's blood, and another day a bald genealogy, and a third day a chapter of Revelation, and all read with equal reverence as equally inspiring parts of an equally inspired whole.

Matt breathed freely when his mother announced Ezra, cap. X, not because he had any interest in Ezra, but because he knew it was a pictureless portion. When the text was liable to be interrupted by illustrations, the reading was liable to be interrupted by remonstrances, for scarce a picture but bore the marks of his illuminating brush, and his rude palette of ground charcoal, chalk, and berry juice. He had been prompted to color before his hand itched to imitate, and in later years these episodes of the far East had found their way to planed boards of Western pine, with the figures often in new experimental combinations, and these scenes were in their turn planed away to make room for others equally unsatisfactory to the critical artist. But his mother had never been able to forgive the iniquities of his prime, not even after she had executed vengeance on the sinner. She had brought the sacred volume from her home at Halifax, and a colored Bible she had never seen; color made religion cheerful, destroyed its essential austerity; it could no more be conceived apart from black and white than a minister of the Gospel. An especial grievance hovered about the early chapters of Exodus, for Matt had stained the Red Sea naturalistically with the reddish hue of the Bay of Fundy—a sacrilege to his mother, to whose fervid imagination the Sea of Miracles loomed lurid with sacred sanguineousness, to which no profane water offered any parallel.

But Ezra is far from Exodus, and to-night the reminder was not likely. A gleam of exaltation illumined the reader's eyes when she read the first verse; at the second her face seemed to flush as if the firelight had shot up suddenly.

"'Now when Ezra had prayed, an' when he had confessed, weepin' an' castin' himself down before the house of God, there assembled unto him out of Israel a very great congregation of men and women and children: for the people wept very sore.

"'An' Shechaniah the son of Jehiel, one of the sons of Elam, answered an' said unto Ezra, We have trespassed against our God, an' have taken strange wives of the people of the land....'"

She read on, pausing only at the ends of the verses. Harriet knitted stockings over baby's head; the smaller children listened in awe. Matt's thoughts soon passed from Shechaniah, the son of Jehiel, uninterested even by his relationship to Elam. Usually when the subject-matter was dull he got up a factitious interest by noting the initial letter of each verse and timing its length, in view of his Sunday-school task of memorizing for each week a verse beginning with some specified letter. His verbal memory being indifferent, he would spend hours in searching for the tiniest verse, wasting thereby an amount of time in which he could have overcome the longest; though, as he indirectly scanned great tracts of the Bible, it may be this A B C business was but the device of a crafty deacon skilled in the young idea. However this be, Matt's mind was deeplier moved to-night. The shriek of the blind wind without contrasted with the cheerful crackle of the logs within, and the woful contrast brought up that weird image destined to haunt him for so long.

He shuddered to think of it—down there in the cold, excluded forever from the warm hearth of life. Was not that its voice in the wind—wailing, crying to be let in, shaking the door? His eyes filled with tears. Vaguely he heard his mother's voice intoning solemnly.

"'An' of the sons of Immer; Hanani, and Zebadiah. An' of the sons of Harim; Maaseiah, an' Elijah, an' Shemaiah, an' Jehiel, an' Uzziah. An' of the sons of Pashur....'"

The baby was still smiling, and tangling Harriet's knitting, but Billy had fallen asleep, and presently Matt found himself studying the flicker of the firelight upon his sickly pinched face.

"'An' of the sons of Zattu; Elioenai, Eliashib, Mattaniah, an' Jeremoth, an' Zabad, an' Aziza. An' of the sons also of Bebai....'"

The prophetic voice rose and fell unwaveringly, unwearyingly.

"Don't you think I ought to write and tell Uncle Matt?" came suddenly from the brooding boy's lips.

"Silence, you son of Belial!" cried his mother, indignantly.

"How dare you interrupt the chapter, so near the end, too! Uncle Matt, indeed! What's the mortal use of writin' to him, I should like to know? Do you think he's likely to repent any, to disgorge our land? Why, he don't deserve to know his brother's death, the everlastin' Barabbas. If he hed hed to do o' me he wouldn't hev found it so easy to make away with our inheritance, I do allow, and my poor David would hev been alive, and to home here with us to-night, thet's a fact. Christ hev mercy on us all!" She burst into tears, blistering the precious page. Harriet ceased to ply her needles; they seemed to be going through her bosom. The baby enjoyed a free hand with the wool. Billy slept on. Presently Mrs. Strang choked back her sobs, wiped her eyes, and resumed in a steady, reverential voice:

"'Machnadebai, Shashai, Sharai, Azareel, an' Shelemiah, Shemariah, Shallum, Amariah, an' Joseph. Of the sons of Nebo; Jeiel, Mattithiah, Zabad, Zebina, Jadau, an' Joel, Benaiah.

"'All these had taken strange wives, an' some of them had wives by whom they had children.'"

Her voice fell with the well-known droop that marked the close. "Anyways," she added, "I don't know your uncle's address. London is a big place—considerable bigger nor Halifax; an' he'll allow we want to beg of him. Never!" She shut the book with an emphatic bang, and Matt rose from Sprat's side and put it away.

"Of course I sha'n't go back to school any more," he said, lightly, remembering the point had not come up.

"Oh yes, you will." His mother's first instinct was always of contradiction.

"I may get a job an' raise a little money towards the mortgage."

"What job can you get in the winter?"

"Why, I can winnow wheat some," he reminded her, "an' chop the neighbors' wood, an' sort the vegetables in their cellars."

"An' whatever you make by thet," she reminded him, "you'll overbalance by what you'd be givin' away to the schoolmaster. You've paid Alic McTavit to the end o' the year."

"I guess you're off the track this load of poles, mother," said Matt, amused by her muddled finance.

Yet it was the less logical if even more specious argument of completing the year that appealed to him. The human mind is strangely under the sway of times and seasons, and the calendar is the stanchest ally of sloth and procrastination, and so Mrs. Strang settled in temporary triumph to her task of making new black mourning dresses for the girls out of her old merino, and a few days afterwards, when Matt had carried out his financial programme satisfactorily (except that Deacon Hailey's valuation did not afford the estimated surplus), he joined the other children in their pilgrimage schoolwards. The young Strangs amounted to a procession. At its head came Matt, drawing Billy on a little hand-sled by a breast-rope that came through auger-holes in the peaks of the runners, and the end of Sprat, who sneaked after the children, formed a literal tail to it, till, arriving too far to be driven back, he came to the front in fearless gambollings. This morning the air was keen and bright, the absence of wind preventing the real temperature from being felt, and the sun lit up the white woods with cold sparkle. Ere the children had covered the two miles most of them conceived such a new appetite that their fingers itched to undo their lunch packets. A halt was called, and while the future was being recklessly sacrificed to the present by the younger savages, Matt edified them by drawing on the snow with the point of Billy's crutch. They followed the development of these designs with vociferous anticipation, one shouting "A cow" and another "ole Hey" before more than a curve was outlined. Matt always amused himself by commencing at the most unlikely part of the figure, and working round gradually in unexpected ways, so as to keep the secret to the last possible moment. Sometimes, when it had been guessed too early, he would contrive to convert a fox into a moose, his enjoyment of his dexterity countervailing the twinge of his conscience. To-day all the animals were tamer than usual. The boy drew listlessly, abstractedly, unresentful when his secret was guessed in the first stages. And at last, half of itself, the crutch began to shape a Face—a Face with shut eyes and dripping hair, indefinably uncanny.

"Father!" cried Ted, in thick triumphant tones, exultation tempered by mastication. But the elder children held their breath, and Teddy's exclamation was succeeded by an awesome silence. Suddenly a sagging bough snapped and fell, the collie howled, and Matt, roused from his reverie, saw that Billy's face had grown white as the dead snow. The child was palsied with terror; Matt feared one of his fits was coming on. In a frenzy of remorse he blurred out the face with the crutch, and hustled the sled forwards, singing cheerily:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
And suffer me to come to Thee."

The children took up the burden, sifting themselves instinctively into trebles and seconds in a harmony loud enough to rouse the hibernating bear. Billy's face returned to its normal pallor, and Matt's to its abstraction.

In the school-room—a bare, plastered room, cold and uninviting, and crowded with boys and girls—he continued pensive. There was nothing to distract his abstraction, for even Ruth Hailey was away. The geography lesson roused him to a temporary attention. London flitted across his dreams—the Halifax of England, that mighty city in which pictures were saleable for actual coin, and a mighty picture-maker, the Matt Strang of England, was paid for play as if for work. But the reading-book, with its *menu* of solid stories and essays, peppered with religious texts, restored him to his reveries. McTavit, who was shaping quills with his knife, called upon him to commence the chapter; but he stared at the little pedagogue blankly, unaware of the call. He was noting dreamily how his jagged teeth showed beneath the thin, snuffy upper lip, and the trick the mouth had of remaining wide open after it had ceased talking. He tried to analyze why McTavit was not smiling. Years ago, seeking to make his figures smile, the boy had discovered the rident effect of a wide mouth, and now he essayed to analyze the subtle muscular movements that separate the sublime from the ridiculous. Suddenly the haunting thought recurred to him with a new application. Even McTavit's face would one day be frozen—those twitching eyelids still, the thin wide lips shut forever. How long more would he stride about his motley school-room, scattering blows and information? Would he come to a stop in the school-room as the clock sometimes did, grown suddenly silent, its oil congealed by the intense cold? Or would Death find him in bed, ready stretched? And the restless boys and girls around him—good God!—they, too, would one day be very peaceful, mere blocks—Carroty Kitty, who was pinching Amy Warren's arm, and Peter Besant, who was throwing those pellets of bread, and even Simon the Sneak's wagging tongue would be still as a plummet. They would all grow rigid alike, not all at once nor in one way, but some very soon, perhaps, and others when they were grown tall, and yet others when they were bent and grizzled; some on sea and some on land, some in this part of the map and some in that, some peacefully, some in pain; petrified one by one, ruthlessly, remorselessly, impartially; till at last all the busy hubbub was hushed, and of all that lively crew of youngsters not one was left to feel the sun and the rain. The pity of it thrilled him, even McTavit's freckled face grew softer through the veil of mist. Then, as his vision cleared, he saw the face was really darker: strange emotions seemed to agitate it.

"So ye're obstinate, are ye?" it screamed, with startling suddenness. At the same instant something shining flew through the air, and whizzing past Matt's ear, sent back a little thud from behind. Matt turned his head in astonishment, and saw a penknife quivering in the wall. He turned back in fresh surprise, and saw that McTavit's face had changed, lobsterlike, from black to red, as its owner realized how near had been Matt's (and his own) escape.

"Eh, awake at last, sleepy-head," he blustered. "There's na gettin' your attention. Well, what are ye starin' at? Are ye na goin' to fetch me my knife?"

"I'm not a dog," answered Matt, sullenly.

"Then dinna bark. Ye think because ye've lost your father ye're preevileged—to lose your manners," he added, with an epigrammatic after-thought that mollified him more than an apology. "I'm much obleeged to you," he concluded, with elaborate emphasis, as Simon the Sneak handed him the knife.

"Now, then, sleepy-head," he said again, "p'r'aps ye'll read your paragraph—that's richt, Simon; show him the place."

McTavit hailed from Cape Breton Isle, and was popularly supposed to soliloquize in Gaelic. This hurt him when he proposed to the postmaster's daughter, who had been to boarding-school in Truro. She declared she would not have a man who did not speak English properly, more especially one who did not sound his final "g's."

"I do sound my g's," he protested, passionately. "Mebbe not in the school-room, when I'm talkin' only to the pupils, and it's na matter, but in private and in society I'm most parteecular."

McTavit was still a bachelor, and still dropped his g's. When the reading lesson had come to an end, Matt was left again to his own thoughts, for while poor McTavit gave the juniors an exercise in grammar, Matt and a few other pupils were allotted the tranquillizing task of multiplying in copy-books three thousand nine hundred and forty-nine pounds seventeen and eleven pence three farthings by seven thousand nine hundred and fifty-eight. The sums were so colossal that Matt wondered whether they existed in the world, and if so, how many pictures it would be necessary to make to obtain them. An awful silence brooded over the room, for when written exercises were on, the pupils took care to do their talking silently, lest they should be suspected of copying, this being what they were doing. There was a little museum case behind McTavit's desk, containing stuffed skunks and other animals and local minerals lovingly collected by him—stilbite and heulandite and quartz and amethyst and spar and bits of jasper and curiously clouded agate, picked up near Cape Blomidon amid the débris of crumbling cliffs. At such times McTavit would stand absorbed in the contemplation of his treasures, his cane carelessly tucked under his arm, as one "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." Then the tension of silence became positively painful, for the school-room had long since discovered that the museum case was a reflector, and McTavit, though he prided himself on the secret of his Argus-eye, never caught any but novices not yet initiated into the traditions. Imagine, therefore, the shock both to him and the room when to-day the acute stillness was broken by a loud cry of "Bang! Bang! Bang!" An irresistible guffaw swept over the school, and under cover of the laughter the cute and ready collogued as to "answers."

"Silence!" thundered McTavit. "Who was that?"

In the even more poignant silence of reaction a small still voice was heard.

"Please, sir, it was me," said Matt, remorsefully.

"Oh, it was you, was it? Then here's bang, bang, bang for ye." And as he spoke the angry little man accentuated each "bang" with a vicious thwack. Then his eye caught sight of Matt's copy-book. In lieu of ranged columns of figures was a rough pen-and-ink sketch of a line of great warships overhung by smoke clouds, and apparently converging all their batteries against one little ship, on whose deck a stalwart man stood solitary, wrapped in a flag.

McTavit choked with added rage.

"D-defacin' your books agen—what—what d'ye call that?" he spluttered.

"Blockade," said Matt, sulkily.

"Blockhead!" echoed McTavit, and was so pleased with the universal guffaw (whereof the cute and ready took advantage to compare notes as before) that he contented himself with the one slash that was necessary to drive the jest home. But it was one slash too much. Matt's vocal cannonade had been purely involuntary, but he was willing to suffer for his over-vivid imagination. The last insult, however—subtly felt as an injury to his dead father, too—set his blood on fire. He suddenly remembered that this blockhead was at any rate the "head" of a family, that he could no longer afford to be degraded before the little ones, who were looking on with pain and awe. He rose and walked towards the door.

"Where are ye goin'?" cried McTavit.

"I'm leavin'. I've learnt all I want to know," said Matt.

"Ye'd better come back."

Matt turned, walked back to his seat, possessed himself of his half-empty copy-book, and walked to the door.

"Good-by, you fellers," he said, cheerfully, as he passed out. The girls he ignored.

McTavit gave chase with raised cane, regardless of the pandemonium that rose up in his wake. Matt was walking slowly across the field, with Sprat leaping up to lick his face. The dog had rejoined him. McTavit went back, his cane hanging down behind.

Matt walked on sadly, his blood cooled by the sharp air. Another link with the past was broken forever. He looked back at the simple wooden school-house with the ensign of smoke fluttering above its pitched roof, kinder memories of McTavit surged at his heart, his little jests at the expense of the boys, his occasional reminiscences of his native St. John's, the life of Leonardo da Vinci he had lent him last year, his prowess with line and hook the summer he boarded with the Strangs in lieu of school fees, and then—with a sudden, blinding flash—came the crowning recollection of his talent for cutting turreted castles, and tigers, and anything you pleased out of the close-grained biscuits and the chunks of buckwheat cake the children brought for lunch. Matt's thoughts went back to the beginnings of his school career, when McTavit had spurred him on to master the alphabet by transforming his buckwheat cake into any animal from ass to zebra. He remembered the joy with which he had ordered and eaten his first elephant. Pausing a moment to cut a stick and drive Sprat off with it, he walked back into the wondering school-room.

"Please, sir, I'm sorry I went away so rudely," he said, "and I've cut you a new birch rod."

"Thank you," he said, simply, as he took it. "What's the matter?" he roared, seeing Simon the Sneak's hand go up.

"Please, sir, hedn't you better try if he hesn't split it and put a hair in?"

"Grand idea!" yelled McTavit, grimly. "How's that?"

And the new birch rod made its trial slash at the raised hand.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FARM SHOW.

THE exhibition held in the Madison Square Garden from April 27th to May 5th, under the auspices of the proprietors of the Hempstead Farm, was a show of a kind new to New York. The quilts of many colors, the embroideries, the pies of wondrous size, and other specimens of the handiwork of the feminine portions of the farm household were missing; the race-track was missing also, and so was the prize pumpkin; but, nevertheless, the show was in many respects very like a country fair. To be sure, the show occupied only a very restricted area, and the entries were not by any means very numerous, and there was not the same crowd of holiday-making farmers with their families from all the near-by country; but there were present in force the noises of the country fair—the cackling of geese, the crowing of the roosters, the neighing of the horses, the lowing of the cows, and the braying of the donkeys, while the strident calls of the programme men served as fair substitutes for those of the pop-corn peddler and the fakirs and the travelling salesmen.

The garden was very effectively and very appropriately decorated with sheaves of wheat, bunches of vegetables, and hay, and all manner of farm produce. The animals were shown in two rows of pens arranged in an oval running entirely around the floor of the garden. At the Twenty-seventh Street end were the aquatic fowl, with large tanks in their pens; at the Twenty-sixth Street end were the incubators and hot-water brooders. In the centre was a ring, in which were held exhibitions of trained dogs and cats and performing ponies, and one evening a milking contest. A sheep-shearing competition occupied three evenings. But all these exhibitions and competitions, whether remotely connected with farm methods or not, were intended for the amusement rather than the instruction of the visitor. During four days, in connection with the exhibition, a specialty show of dogs sent by members of the St. Bernard Club of America, the Collie Club of America, the American Fox-terrier Club, the American Spaniel Club, and the Bull-dog Club of America was held in the basement of the building. This part of the show had the effect of greatly increasing the attendance.

Although the entries to the Farm Show proper were not very numerous, they were certainly very select, and, as stated by the management, "the animals were of the best blood attainable." Much of the stock exhibited was the property of the projectors of the enterprise. It included in one enclosure a fine herd of nine Jersey cattle—these were of exalted pedigree and excellent appearance; Holstein and Guernsey cattle; Shropshire and Southdown sheep of selected stock; Angora goats; Berkshire, Small Yorkshire, and Improved Yorkshire pigs, in families of all ages; desirable and fashionable strains of domestic fowl; geese and ducks; pheasants; wild and foreign water-fowl; and many horses, among which was the thoroughbred stallion Macbeth, the winner of the first prize for best stallion for getting hunters, at the National Horse Show in the Garden in 1893.

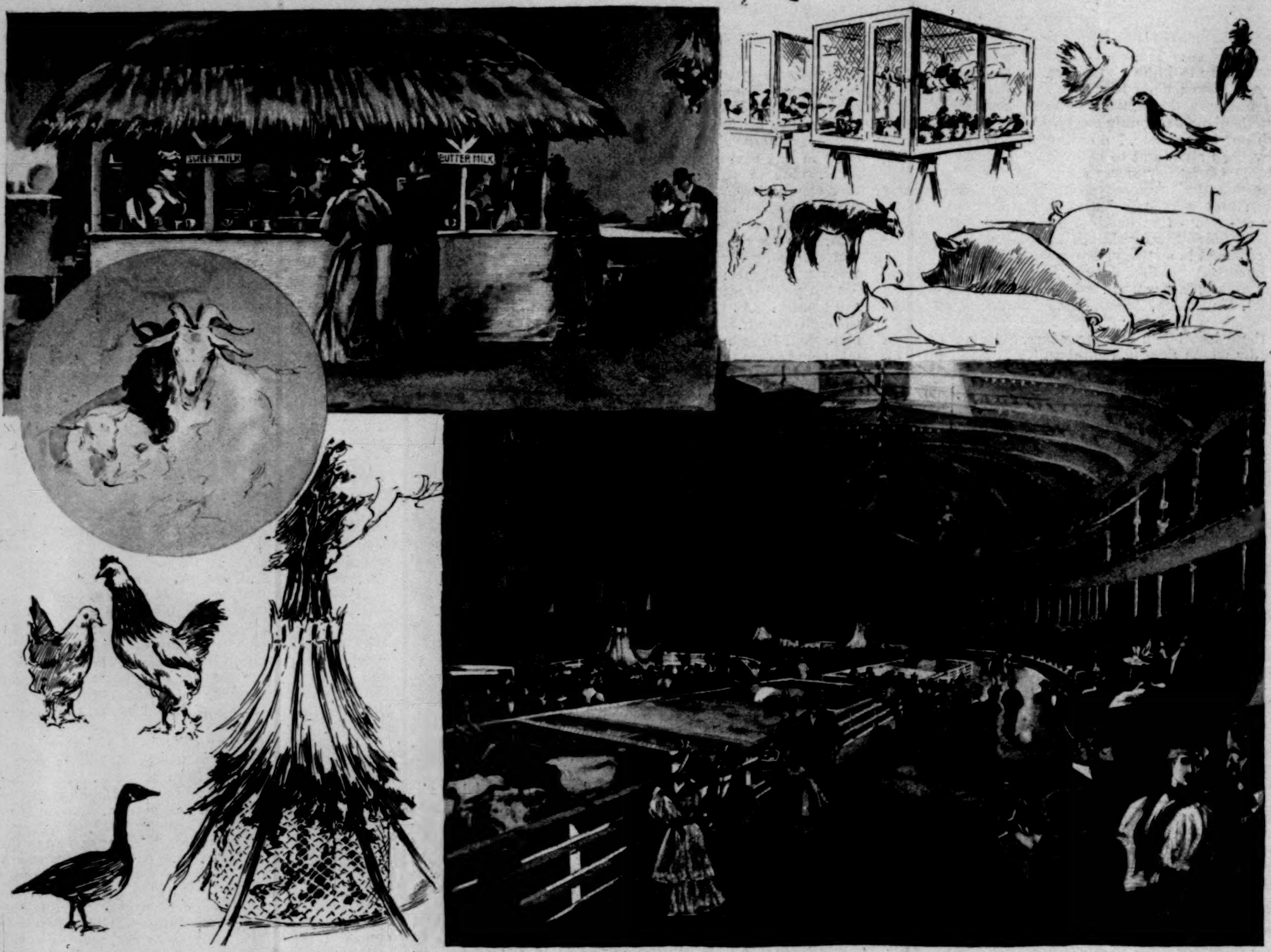
But other owners of fine stock contributed to the list of entries and the success of the show. From his Woodlawn Park Stock Farm at Saratoga, Colonel Hilton sent Fairy Prince II., a Shire stallion now seven years old. He stands nearly seventeen hands high, and with his large and handsome frame seemed the ideal farm-horse. Clara Belle, a beautiful trotting-mare, sent by Colonel Hilton, with her pretty foal by Onward Boy, was an attractive exhibit. Colonel Hilton also sent some Guernsey cattle, including the Count of Woodlawn, a yearling bull, and sheep, and other horses. Mr. O. D. Munn, of Llewellyn Park, contributed a Dutch Belted cow and calf.

These were handsome cattle, of fine form, and, with their continuous white belts around their otherwise jet-black bodies, of striking appearance. These Dutch Belted cattle have hardy and vigorous constitutions, enabling them to endure sudden changes of climate and to thrive on any variety of fodder, and they are said to be very productive as milkers. They are often popularly confounded with the Holsteins; but, as a matter of fact, they are of a distinct family. The type and color were established by scientific breeding in Holland, of which country they are natives. Mr. Prescott Lawrence sent from Newport the champion Hackney stallion Fashion. This horse is well known to all visitors to the annual horse shows. He is the winner of twenty prizes in England and of twenty-one in America. There were many other horses, including some two and three year old trotters, the property of General Withers. The donkeys, the Shetland and other ponies, afforded much amusement or pleasure, and perhaps to the casual visitor were more attractive than the incubators. From the incubators, wherein could be seen the weak and toddling chickens newly hatched from their shells by artificial heat, they were soon removed to the brooders. There the hundreds of future broilers ran about like crickets. They quickly developed strength to struggle with precocious enterprise for their food, or for places close to the heat-giving electric light built in the centre of each brooder.

It will be seen that the show did not lack interesting features; but it had many valuable ones as well. It could not fail to add to the sum of useful information, or to make known the possibility of improvement in our domestic animals to breeders for their own pleasure or to those who farm for profit.

It is not only amateur farmers, who regard their cattle as toys and their crop-raising as a pastime, who are represented and interested in this exhibit, but also farmers who live off the profits of their places, whose wares and products replenish daily our city markets, and they will reap the most advantage.

W. M. B.



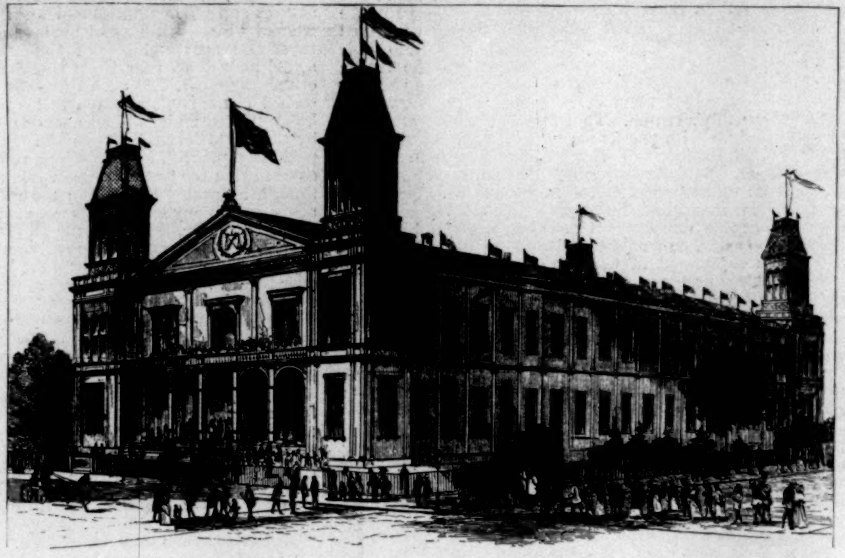
THE FARM SHOW AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.—[SEE PAGE 439.]

CINCINNATI AND ITS MUSIC FESTIVALS.

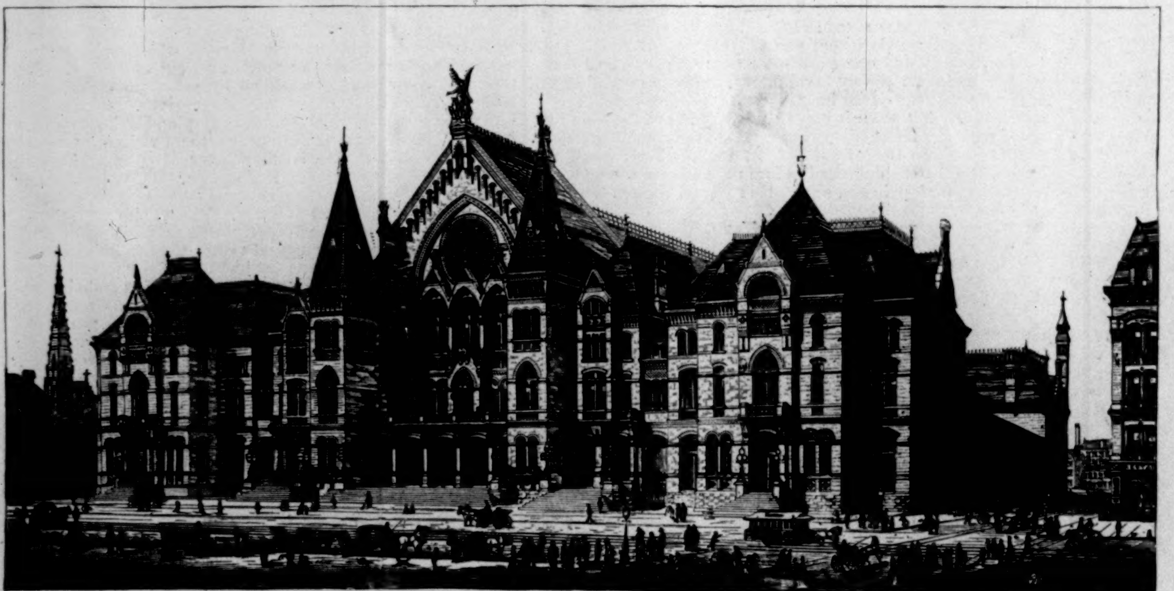
BY HENRY EDWARD KREHBIEL.

THERE were brave men before Agamemnon, and music festivals in America before Cincinnati won the proud eminence which now it enjoys with the series of biennial affairs which began in 1873. Yet for a score of years music historians and music lovers have thought of Cincinnati whenever the highest achievements in choral culture have been under consideration. It would be a little vainglorious in the present generation of Cincinnatians to take all the credit for this for itself—a little vainglorious and also a little short-sighted—for study of the development of musical culture in the United States, while it discloses Cincinnati to have been always singularly active in the cultivation of the art, also discloses that the festivals of the last two decades were themselves fruits of influences which had either long been in operation or been imported from foreign parts. The festivals, of which the eleventh is to be held on the five days from May 22d to 26th, inclusive, of this year, are not modelled on the English Three Choir festivals, however, nor on the Lower Rhenish festivals, which correspond to them in importance in Germany. The influences which have been at work in them have been various, and I shall endeavor to show how they sprung directly from a soil prepared for their growth by the German *Sängerfeste* (singers' festivals) which preceded them; but in their plan and in their purpose they are the emanation of a single mind, that of Theodore Thomas, who knew how to reshape existing material into nobler forms, inspire it with a loftier mission, and raise it to a higher power of effectiveness.

Although, as I have elsewhere observed, a history of music in America ought to consist of a series of chapters of local history (the story being that of the development not of the art, but of its practice), there are three institutions which have been of marked influence in the development of as many forms of this cultivation; and for each of these institutions a centre of primary energetic activity can easily be pointed out. For choral music the institution and centre are the church and Boston; for instrumental music, the theatre and New York; for the German *Männergesang*, the singers' festivals and Cincinnati. The representative festival city of the country, therefore, rises into importance at the outset of a study of American musical history. The bond between the German *Sängerfeste* and the May Music Festivals may be said to be material rather than spiritual, but it is unmistakable, direct, and significant.

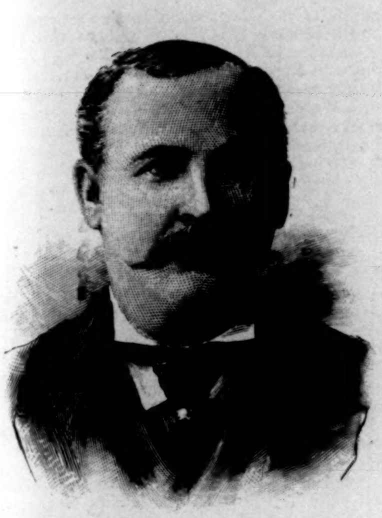


SÄNGERFEST BUILDING, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

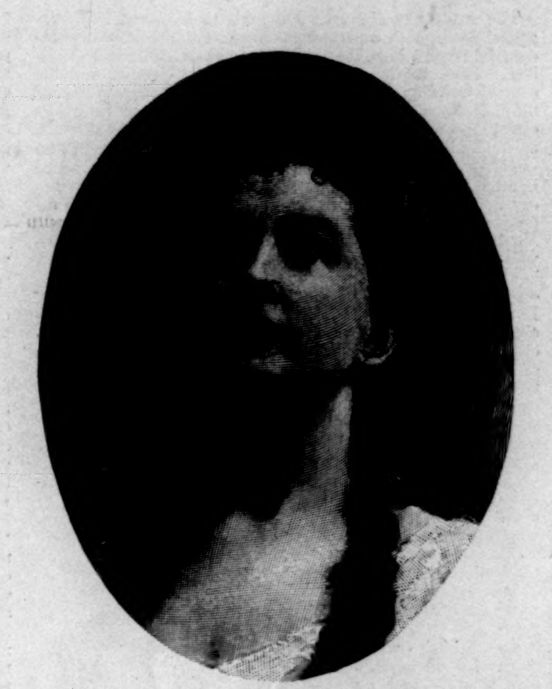


THE NEW MUSIC HALL, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

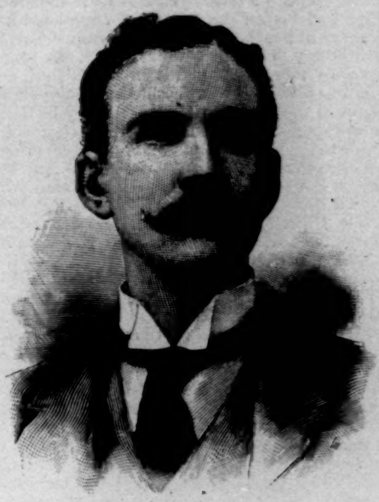
Four years ago, in an essay on "American Choral Societies and Conductors," printed in HARPER'S WEEKLY, I cited the case of Cincinnati as an illustration of the rapid spread of choral culture in the communities which drew their inspiration from New York and New England. It will never cease to be amazing that within twenty-five years after the first settlement of white men in the territory northwest of the Ohio River there were already a sufficient number of "singing societies" (church choirs, doubtless) in the new little town of Cincinnati to make the publication of a book of choral music for their use seem a feasible thing. This was in 1815; the book was to be called *The Western Harmonist*, and subscriptions were asked for it by John McCormick. Whether or not it was ever printed I do not know. Two years after the Boston Handel and Haydn Society had sung Haydn's *Creation* for the first time in America one of its numbers, "The Marvellous Work," was given at a choral concert in Cincinnati. Sing-



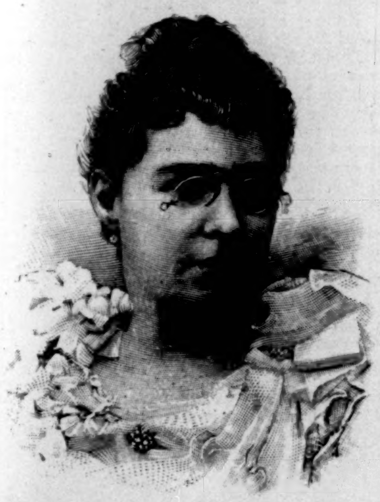
BEN DAVIES.
Tenor.



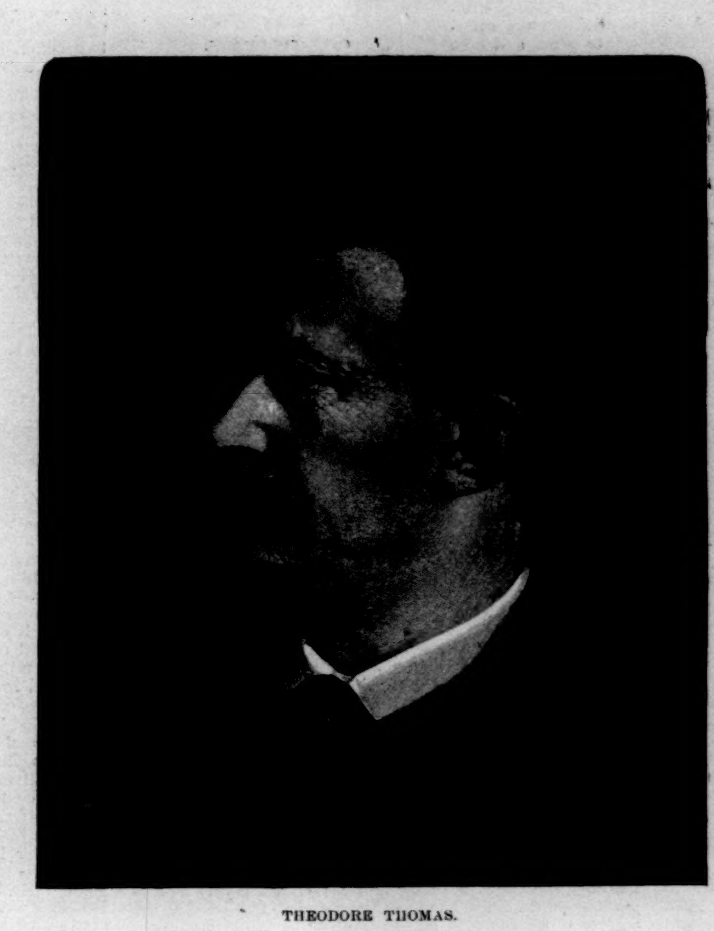
EMMA EAMES.
Copyright, 1893, by B. J. Falk, New York.



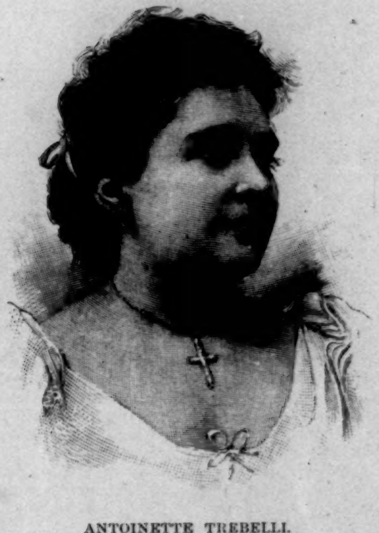
PLUNKET GREENE.
Basso.



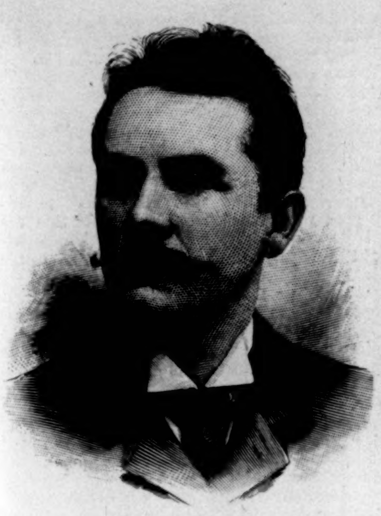
MRS. CARL ALVES.
Contralto.



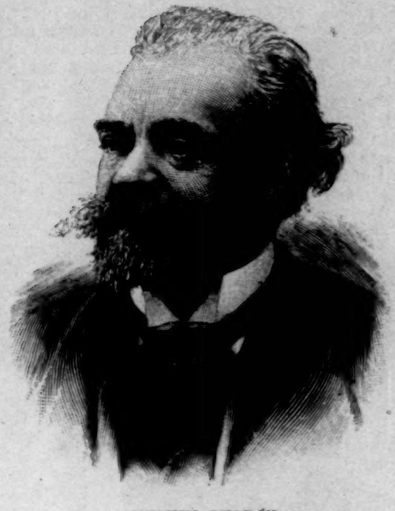
THEODORE THOMAS.



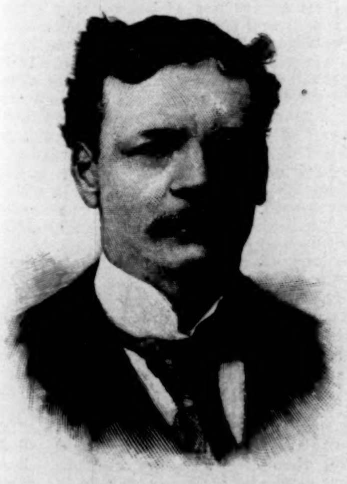
ANTOINETTE TREBELLI.
Soprano.



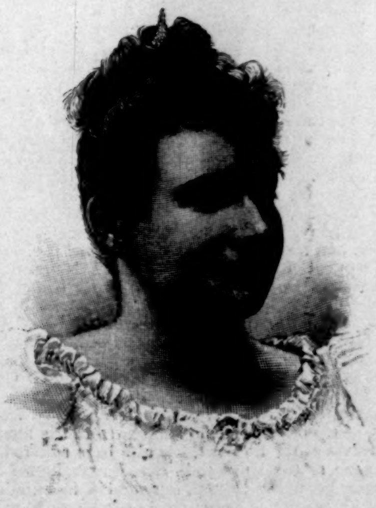
HORATIO W. PARKER.



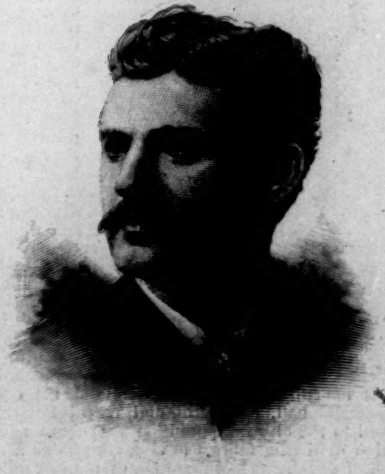
ANTONIN DVORÁK.



R. WATKIN MILLS.
Barytone.



IDA MARGUERITE SMITH.
Contralto.



W. H. REIGER.
Tenor.

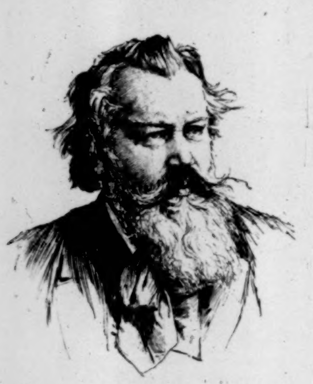
THE MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL AT CINCINNATI.

ing-schools of the New England pattern sprung up in Cincinnati within a dozen years of its foundation in December, 1788, and before the town had completed its first quarter-century of life there were amateur musicians enough among its citizens to organize a brass band. A year or two before, amateur theatricals had been established, and "The Harmonical Society" was founded to take part in the performances of the Thespian Corps. It may be thought that there is nothing remarkable in the fact that a town of two or three thousand inhabitants should possess such agencies of self-entertainment, but it must not be forgotten that pioneer life in the Northwest Territory one hundred years ago was very different from pioneer life in the far West now.

The Presbyterian clergyman who denounced the Thespian Corps from the pulpit and in the press had not many years before preached to a congregation that sat upon logs for benches, and brought their rifles with them so as to be ready to withstand an Indian attack. The first settlers of Cincinnati were from New Jersey and New England. They brought with them no small degree of culture. A predisposition toward gayety and the physical pleasures of life was energetically encouraged by the garrison at Fort Washington, commanded at the beginning of the nineteenth century by General Wilkinson, as the successor of Mad Anthony Wayne. There was high living among General Wilkinson's officers, who had a brass band to enliven the days in which the Indians did not occupy their attention. The officers drank a great deal, gambled a great deal, and enjoyed hilarious banquets, at which the garrison's band provided the music. On a programme for Independence day, 1801, I find both the "President's March," which is now "Hail Columbia," and "To Anacreon in Heaven," now "The Star-spangled Banner," among the pieces played. There were only a few officers in General Wayne's army who were not heavy drinkers (General Harrison, afterwards a President and grandfather of a President of the United States, being a notable exception), and the influence of the garrison of Fort Washington was unmistakably demoralizing upon the community. But it doubtless served an end, which may be set down as ultimately good, in preventing the residents from sinking too deep into the slough of utilitarianism.

Remedial influences came in with the great influx of settlers from the East and Germany during the first two decades of the present century, and in 1819 the inhabitants were described as liberal-minded, temperate, peaceable, industrious, well stocked with varied knowledge, and attentive to religion. It may safely be said that from 1815 till now there has been no time in which there have not been vocal and instrumental societies in Cincinnati which strove to perform high-class music. The German immigrants, true to their nature, were early in the field, and in proportion to their number were far more efficient in their cultivation of the art than the natives. To this end they were aided by inherited inclination and skill, freedom from the restrictive influences of the Puritanism which narrowed the choral activity of New England for nearly two centuries, and the spirit of sociability, which in the German mind must needs sustain itself with music and beer. It thus happens that though native cultivation of music antedated the imported by several decades, the first manifestations which assume wide significance in the history of the art came from the Germans. German singing societies, choirs of men's voices, sprung up in the East in the thirties. Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York were earliest in the field, but within a dozen years there were already similar societies in Milwaukee, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Madison (Indiana), and other Western cities. Of course the cultivation of *Gemüthlichkeit* followed hard on the heels of the practice of music in these societies, and a much-admired means for this was then, as it is now, the interchange of visits between the societies.

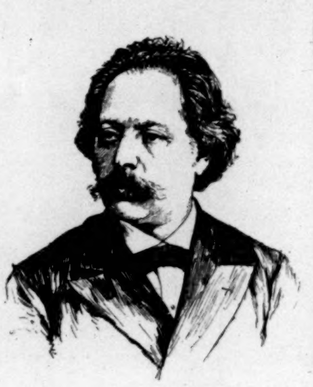
Philadelphia and Baltimore set the example, which Louisville and Cincinnati followed in 1848. At this meeting the North American Sängerbund was organized, and in 1849 the first of its festivals took place in Cincinnati. It was a small affair, and the light in which it was viewed by an element of the city's native population is sufficiently indicated by the remark of a religious newspaper shortly afterward, when cholera visited the city in the course of its deadly march across the country: the "Dutch singers, with their intemperate jubilee, drinking the sour wine, brought the cholera upon us." There can be no doubt that from the first of these German festivals, held in 1849, to the last, held in 1893, they have brought more worshippers to the groves of Bacchus and halls of Gambrinus than into the temple of Apollo, and though they pointed the way to the American festivals, the very first of these was absolutely free from the beer influence. Sängerfests were held by the *Bund* in Cincinnati in the years 1849, 1851, 1853, 1856, and 1870. In the course of the twenty years between the first and that last mentioned they grew continually in magnitude, if not in artistic character, so that when the gathering of 1870 took place it was found necessary to build a hall to accommodate a body of three thousand singers and instrumentalists besides the audience. The *Sängerfest* hall erected to this end became the visible bond between the German festivals and the series with loftier aims and purer means established by Theodore Thomas and a committee of prominent citizens in 1873. At that time Mr. Thomas was still engaged in orchestral peripatetics, spreading knowledge and appreciation of high-class instrumental music throughout the country. The *Sängerfest* hall, a tasteful and useful building, had been saved to the city for exhibition purposes, a successful exhibition of textile fabrics having stimulated a desire on the part of merchants and manufacturers to establish annual industrial shows of a more comprehensive kind. In these expositions the talents were developed and matured which enabled A. T. Goshorn to direct so successfully the destinies of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. Similarly, in one way or another, the influence of the *Sängerfest* of 1870 and its predecessors has been felt in many noble activities throughout the country.



DR. JOHANNES BRAHMS.

The success of the May Festivals of 1873 and 1875 suggested the need of a permanent music hall; that of the Industrial Expositions, the need of permanent exhibition buildings. Both needs were filled when the present notable central building, devoted to music, and containing one of the half-dozen gigantic organs of the world, and its wings devoted to mechanics and the fine arts, were erected through the liberality and public spirit of Reuben R. Springer and the citizens of the city. This Music Hall, it should be borne in mind, is a public institution, a gift to the city, though under the control of a self-perpetuative and incorporated organization of citizens; it is not a private enterprise like the Music Hall built by Mr. Carnegie in New York. The festivals given by Dr. Damrosch and Mr. Thomas in New York in 1881 and 1882, the festivals which have been given at various times since in Philadelphia, Chicago, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Pittsburg, and other cities, are fruits of the Cincinnati affairs, as is indicated by the imitations of the Cincinnati plan which they all disclose. So are the Music Halls of Indianapolis and St. Louis. Moreover, the influence of the more beautiful child has also been seen in the beautiful mother, and since 1874 strenuous efforts have been made to redeem the German festivals from the features which make them pernicious to morals and ineffective in art, and to make them like the Cincinnati May Festivals.

The high-water mark of financial success was reached by the festival of 1878, when the new Music Hall, its great organ, and other things stimulated popular interest to such a degree that with expenses aggregating $55,595 there was yet a profit from the enterprise of over $32,000, one-half of which was given to the fund then raising for the organ, the building of which had been undertaken by a separate organization. Up to this time the festival choir had embraced singers from several cities and towns, but since then it has been made up exclusively of home talent. The restriction of stage room in the new hall, and the desire on the part of Mr. Thomas to raise the standard of the choir's performance to that occupied by his orchestra, which consisted of over one hundred of New York's most capable musicians, led to the organization of a permanent festival choir of 500 selected singers, whose affairs were administered by the Festival Association. The plan proved highly efficacious at the festival of 1880, but afterwards was seen to have a deleterious effect upon the general musical activities of the city, as lessening the enthusiasm which had resulted from the temporary union of different societies, and though the plan has been adhered to till now, there is manifest in the preparations for the eleventh festival a leaning toward the old plan, unattached choirs in Cincinnati and Dayton having been enlisted to aid in the performance of the principal choral number of the festival scheme. There is also a movement on foot to consort the permanent festival chorus with a permanent orchestra, which shall continue the cultivation of high-class music in the years which intervene between the festivals. But this does not go out from the Festival Association. Such a consummation would be directly in the line of the labor which Mr. Thomas has performed as an educator, and would supply the one thing which is wanting to enable Cincinnati to take a place beside New York and Boston as a city of wide, original, and solid culture in art.



CARL GOLDMARK.

From the beginning the Cincinnati music festivals have been seasons of social festivity. Patrons of the Metropolitan Opera-house in New York are accustomed to scenes of brilliancy during the opera season, but there is no picture of loveliness in the metropolis, with all the glitter of jewels and sumptuousness of toilets that make the opera audiences noteworthy, comparable with that presented by a festival gathering in Cincinnati. The magnificent sweep of the architectural lines of the hall, the symmetrical mass of singers and instrumentalists on the stage, with the great organ as a background, the festal attire of the four thousand auditors, the spirit of gayety and enjoyment, hearty as it is gentle, which shines from the faces and is published in the actions of all, the rapt attention given to everything done, the perfect discipline which marks all the doings—all these things, no less than the artistic excellence of the performances, stamp a character on the Cincinnati festivals which is unique. As for the artistic ideals for which they strive, what they have been as well as what they are may be read in the programme of the eleventh festival, which is to take its beginning on the evening of Tuesday, May 22d, and find its close on the evening of the following Saturday.

Within this period seven concerts will be given, two of them being matinées on the afternoons of Thursday and Saturday. At these afternoon concerts the programmes will be of a miscellaneous character, the evenings being set apart for the choral works. These compositions will be Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Horatio W. Parker's "Hora Novissima," Brahms's "Song of Destiny," Goetz's "137th Psalm," Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, two scenes from Rubinstein's sacred opera *Moses*, and the "Requiem" of Berlioz. The principal orchestral works to be performed are Dvorák's Second Symphony, Brahms's Fourth, Beethoven's Fourth and Ninth, Bach's Suite in B minor, Schubert's "Unfinished," Liszt's "Préludes," Berlioz's overture "Benvenuto Cellini," Tschaïkowsky's fantasy overture "Romeo and Juliet," and Wagner's "Kaisermarsch." The choral forces will be those already indicated; the instrumental, Mr. Thomas's Chicago orchestra, augmented by musicians from New York. The policy which the Festival Association has pursued from the beginning, of choosing the solo singers from the most eminent exemplars of the lyric art, has also been adhered to.

At the head of the list stands Mrs. Emma Eames-Story, whose career, begun in Boston, is reaching its culmination in the operatic institutions of Paris, London, and New York. As the leading singer of the festival, Madame Eames-Story will take her place in the company of some of the most eminent singers of the modern opera and concert stage, such as Mesdames Lehmann and Materna, but those who have heard her know well that our fair countrywoman will hold her own in all respects with the great ones who have come from beyond the Atlantic. The group of foreign artists that will take part in the concerts this year consists of Miss Antoinette Trebelli, daughter of Madame Trebelli-Bettini, a German who won fame in England, and was heard here in the first season of Italian opera at the Metropolitan Opera-house; Mr. Ben Davies, a Welsh tenor, who has a voice of manly quality and a most convincing style; Mr. Plunket Greene, a basso, who has delighted Eastern audiences for two seasons with the intelligence and tastefulness of his singing and the loveliness of his voice; and Mr. Watkin Mills, a sonorous bass-barytone, who has for a decade been a feature of the English choral festivals.

The remaining solo singers are Americans: Mrs. Carl Alves, contralto, and Mr. William H. Rieger, of New York; and Miss Ida Marguerite Smith, contralto, of Cincinnati. It has been Mr. Thomas's policy in the arrangement of the festival programmes to conserve music whose excellence has been approved rather than to make propaganda for young composers. At the same time he has recognized the possibility and the duty of the festivals as a patriotic undertaking to promote appreciation of American composers. At three of the earlier festivals choral works written for the occasion by Dudley Buck, John K. Paine, and W. W. Gilchrist were performed. For this festival he has selected a work by a young American, Horatio W. Parker, now organist and choir-director of Trinity Church, Boston, which has won popular and critical approval in both New York and Boston—a setting in the cantata style of the mediæval hymn "Hora Novissima." It is a happy coincidence—perhaps not wholly fortuitous—that the four other living composers of eminence whose works have found places in the festival scheme are representatives of different phases of the national tendency which has taken possession of music within the last generation. Brahms is the only one of the four who may be said to stand for the art in its cosmopolitan character, but as a symphonist he represents the art form which is peculiarly the product of Germany; Antonin Dvorák is the brightest light that the Bohemian school has produced; Rubinstein the loftiest exemplar of the Russian school, though his manner is not so pronouncedly national as is that of some of his younger contemporaries; and Goldmark, an Austrian, consciously or unconsciously, has permitted his strains to become tinged with the languorous color of the Orient, in obedience to racial predilections.

FATE!

I FEEL that I am quite as smart
As Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart.

I'm also every bit as bright
As Walter Scott, the Scottish knight;

And in my own peculiar way
I'm just as good as Thackeray.

But, woe is me that it should be,
They got here years ahead of me,

And all the tales I would unfold
By them already have been told.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE FLUCTUATION OF SILVER.

KESEPH, or the white metal, as it was called by the Hebrews, has known endless fluctuations, yet has never ceased its vain rivalry with gold. Solomon was the first apparently to discredit it, and when silver grew so abundant in the Holy City that it was almost as plentiful as the stones of its streets, he very naturally refused to receive it as currency. He would take nothing but gold, we are told by Josephus, for his merchandise, but paid away his depreciated silver to Egyptian traders for a chariot and a pair of horses. On this he rode out in state in the morning to his country-seat at Etham, a paradise of rivulets and gardens. Nothing could be bought or sold at Jerusalem for silver, says the historian, and only gold was valued. It is probable that the Spanish mines had produced abundantly, and Phœnician ships had brought their yield in excessive quantities to the East.

The Greeks, when they first visited Spain, made their anchors and common utensils of silver. The white metal lost its value. But this could not continue long, for the richest silver mines at last grew unproductive, and in the seventh century B.C. the metal had once more risen to a higher price. It could once again compete with gold, at least at a distance. The first form of money was in stamped bars or ingots, with the weight certified by an official seal. The earliest known ingots were of gold. But about 700 B.C. Mr. Head tells us money was first coined, and in the British Museum may be seen a Babylonian stater of electrum, a mingling of gold and silver, apparently the oldest coin in existence. Silver was for a time the common currency of the Greeks, but at last they adopted a gold standard. The fine gold pieces of Philip and Alexander have become the models of all later coinage.

At Rome the earliest money was of bronze; then silver came in as the standard; and when it grew too abundant, the Roman emperors borrowed the gold coinage of the East. The Roman *solidus* was worth, in gold, a sovereign or a half-eagle. But nowhere did silver money fluctuate more widely than at Rome; in the Hannibalic wars the currency was constantly debased; in moments of danger money was hoarded. But the victories of Cæsar and his general robbery made it so plentiful at Rome that land doubled or trebled in price and money sank in value. Under Augustus, in the quiet of peace, it is probable that silver was worth about one-tenth its weight in gold. With the decay of the empire a debased currency filled the world with disaster, and aided in the general destruction of commerce and the arts.

Silver in the Middle Ages rose in value with rarity, and was at times almost on an equality with gold. In Richard the First's time in England four shillings would buy a cow, a bull, or a horse for ploughing, and tenpence a sheep with fine wool. Yet again, with the conquest of Mexico and Peru, money fell, prices of labor and land increased; but the rapid growth of trade and commerce at the same period revived the demand for an honest currency. Silver and gold moved on together, and kept up a certain ratio to each other that was never greatly disturbed. It is only recently that the immense yield of our Western mines has nearly equalled that of ancient Spain when silver sank into discredit. But it will no doubt soon revive again. It cannot take the place of gold in the opinion of mankind—the source of value. But it will always hold a subsidiary position that no other metal can fill. Our mines may not be always productive; they may be exhausted, like the Spanish, and the "white metal" of Solomon become valuable for its rarity.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

GOLDEN-BEAK.

BY GEORGE BASSETT.

VI.

IT was black March weather when I found myself in England again, and it was not until May that Scarlett came home. A few days after I had heard of his return he wrote to ask me to spend a week with him at his place in Oxfordshire. I had made up my mind to go up to town about the time his letter came, but I am not one of those men who cannot live unless they pass the gates of St. James's Palace a certain number of times every day for a certain number of weeks in every year, and I love the upper river. Scarlett's place is about half-way between Oxford and Lechlade, on the river-side, a great rambling old Elizabethan house, without any such architectural pretensions as to hinder his making it thoroughly comfortable. Scarlett himself came to meet me at Oxford, and told me as we drove out that he had prevailed upon several other men to impinge upon the London season, and that he thought we should have a very jolly time of it.

"And how did you leave Mrs. Potwin?" I asked him. "Is she still flying up and down the Bund at Yokohama in her 'rikisha?"

"I can't drive tandem and talk about Mrs. Potwin at the same time," said Scarlett. "You shall hear all about her this evening." And then he talked horse—a subject which always bores me to death—until we turned into the long avenue of Dunkin House, just as the sunset was reddening the lustrous lily-pads in the river.

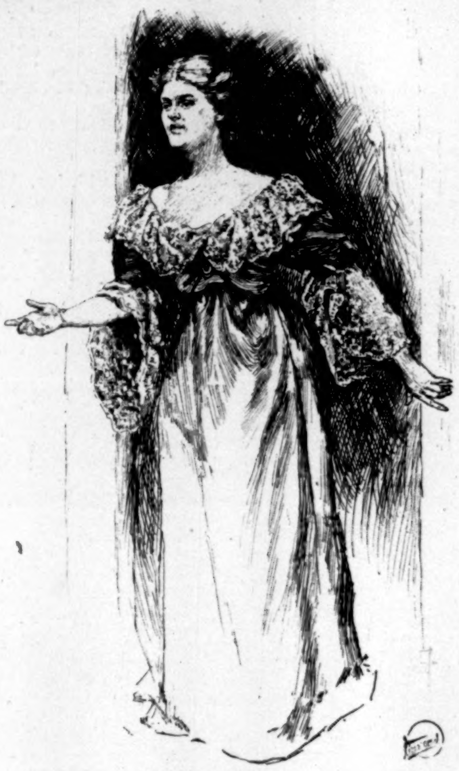
When I went down to the drawing-room at dinner-time, old Lady Scarlett, who used to give me half-crowns, and beg Frank not to thrash me, twenty years ago, told me that she was very glad to see me, and that she wanted to have a little quiet talk with me in the morning, and show me the new kitchen-garden. I am not a great hand at kitchen-gardening, and I never knew any one yet to promise you a quiet little talk unless he had something unpleasant to say. I thought I knew pretty well what she wanted, and was resigning myself to the prospect of a cross-examination upon Scarlett's doings in Japan, when George Elphinstone, who had been at school with Scarlett and with me, seized upon me as she released me, and said:

"You will tell me all about it to-night, won't you, old chap? I never heard such a rum thing in my life."

"All about what?" said I.

"All about the Japanese lady," said he, as his wife took charge of him, and left me to wonder how Mrs. Potwin had become a subject of such widespread interest. I could understand that Lady Scarlett might have heard about the trip to Tokio and Nikko, or even that Frank might have written and told her that he contemplated marrying a Mrs. Nobody, of Nowhere. But I couldn't see how Elphinstone, or Tom or Dick or Harry, could be so well informed. I was not, however, left long in doubt. A dozen or so of people came into the room, most of whom I knew, and then there was the moment's wait which betokens that somebody has failed to heed the dressing-bell.

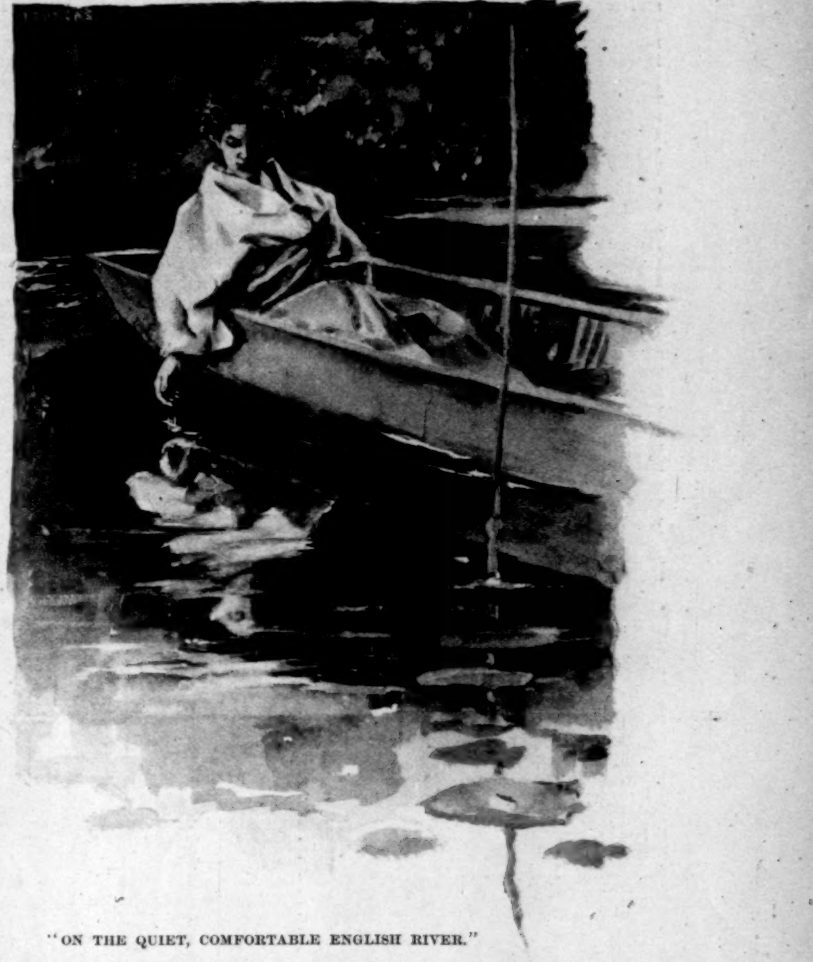
The door opened, and in walked Ysonde Potwin, gorgeously apparelled in a gown as nearly Japanese as a European gown can be. As soon as she had told Lady Scarlett that she hoped she was not too late, she came up to me and gave me both her hands, over which I fumbled helplessly. I know of nothing more distressing than to have a woman give you both her hands, unless it is to suddenly find that you are expected to kiss a woman's hand.



"IN WALKED YSONDE POTWIN."

"You didn't know I was here, did you?" she said. "I made Frank promise not to tell you." And then dropping her voice a little, she added, "I haven't made up my mind whether I am going to marry him, but we are supposed to be regularly engaged, and everybody is just lovely to me."

I was told off to take her to dinner, and I do not mind confessing that I was exceedingly uncomfortable. I knew that every one in the house must think she was mad, and Scarlett more mad to think of marrying her. I felt sure that every one had heard her described as being a friend of mine. To say that in an English country house Ysonde Potwin was absolutely impossible is putting it very mildly. She chattered like a magpie all through dinner, and it seemed to me that she made a deliberate effort to be as exotic as possible. I saw poor old Lady Scarlett drop her eyes two or three times, but Frank looked as proud and pleased as if he were displaying some marvellous precious stone he had found in the course of his travels, and I knew that if he saw fit to marry Mrs. Potwin, and that remarkable young woman should decide to marry him, no one could gainsay him. Few Englishmen in his position are so absolutely their own masters as he was. His mother was the mildest creature in the world, and he had no sisters. It is a man's sisters, as a rule, who are most ready to tell him that he is making a fool of himself. There were, no doubt, extenuating circumstances in the present case. Mrs. Potwin was wonderfully pretty—much prettier even than I had thought her in Japan. Against the dark oak walls of the dining-room and against the sombre tone of English table-talk she stood out like a brilliant orchid in a forest. She was aggressive, as, I think, almost all American women are when one meets them in England. She talked about California so much that she seemed to be telling us all that she was not ashamed of being outlandish. And I knew before the dinner was over that Ysonde Potwin in England was a failure, and would be the more of a failure if she became Ysonde Scarlett.



"ON THE QUIET, COMFORTABLE ENGLISH RIVER."

I don't know what secret it is that the American young ladies have who succeed in England, who not only marry Englishmen able to give them a position in the world, but manage afterwards to hold their own in their new environment. They do it: I am not a man who goes about much, but I know at least half a dozen of them who have done it. They are never quite like English women, but after two or three years they seem to lose all that English people find most distasteful in Americans. They are always foreigners, but only in the sense that a French girl of good family who marries an Englishman remains a foreigner. They cease to impress the beholder with the belief that their fathers were shop-keepers, and that they themselves received their education at a board-school. They always have more manner than English women have. They are never altogether in sympathy with the life about them, and no one of them has ever shaken my belief that an Englishman who is fortunate enough to have the privilege of taking an English gentleman's daughter for his wife is most ill-advised if he marries an alien. But in the case of Mrs. Potwin there was more than this. I know that the American women who have made a footing in London—and I don't for a moment mean to say that it isn't a firm footing—would say, if they were asked, that Mrs. Potwin was not as they were. But she was quite pleased with herself. She thought, as she told me after dinner was over, that such a marriage was just the surprising sort of thing that would be likely to happen to her.

"I am so glad," she said, "to have you to talk to. You see, all these people here think I am regularly engaged to Frank. He didn't want any one to know that it was only a kind of an understanding; but it is, just the same. I have come over here to see how I like living in England, just the same as I went to Japan to see how I liked living there. I think Frank is the kindest, most good-natured man I ever saw, and if I didn't think about anything but what was easy to do and pleasant to do, I'd make up my mind to marry him and have it over with. But if Temehichi is going to be a *shogun*, I think I ought to marry him, whether I want to or not. It's like having a chance to live in a fairy story. When I used to read about the little girl who married the prince made out of *nougat*, I used to vow I'd never marry an ordinary human being. And it seems like throwing away my only chance if I don't marry Temehichi. Most people never get a show to do anything so improbable."

"Is he making any headway with his revolution?" I asked.

"Oh, I suppose he is working at it all the time," she said. "I haven't had a letter from him for ever so long, and the last time he wrote to me he was perfectly furious. He called me Bad Woman and Gold Beak, and called Frank a dog, just the way he used to go on about poor Charley Hart. You see, he had heard all about my going to Nikko at the same time Frank was going there, and besides that, he was in an awful rage because I didn't go up to Yezo to see some of his relations. I thought if he was in such a fury, I'd just let him walk up and down till he cooled off, and so I came over to England. He said in his letter that he was going to Japan, but I don't believe it, and if he does he won't come here. Anyhow, I don't want to talk about him any more now. While I was in Japan I was all the while thinking about Japanese things, and now I'm in England I want to think about English things. One thing I can't make out is, why they don't dance in the evening after dinner. In America when there are a lot of people together in the evening they always dance. There are four or five couples here, anyway, and I think it is the most ridiculous thing I ever saw with that splendid wax floor not to make the most of it. But Frank says that somebody who lives over on the other side of the river is going to give a ball in two or three days, and then I am going to dance until I can't stand. And now you had better go and talk to somebody else. I want to get better acquainted with that girl with the white eyelashes over in the corner there, so I can tell her to put something on them. She makes me so nervous, the way she is now, I don't know what to do."

And when Mrs. Potwin left me I saw that the other men had already made their way to the billiard-room, where I soon found myself playing pool; and I had no chance to talk with Scarlett that night.

But it was easy enough to have all the talk I wanted with his mother in the morning. She was very nice about it; I will say that for her. She didn't abuse Mrs. Potwin. She was unhappy, and the more unhappy because she didn't know just how unhappy she ought to be. I think that Frank had perhaps been a little rough about it. He didn't want to be asked a lot of questions, which he would, indeed, have been at a loss to answer, and, I fancy, he had put his head down, like a bull at a gate, and told his mother he wanted to marry Mrs. Potwin, and would marry her, whether anybody liked it or not. And now the poor good creature had got me to cross-question. The first thing she wished to know was if Mrs. Potwin had ever been connected with the stage. On this point I was enabled to reassure her. Then she asked if Mrs. Potwin was received by nice people in California, and whether the nice people in California *were* nice. As I don't know three people in the whole State of California by name, I felt justified in saying that there were very nice people in California, and that none of the Californians who honored me with their friendship would dream of making a wry face at Mrs. Potwin; that she was very young, almost childish, indeed, and that it was highly probable that some of her little eccentricities would disappear in the course of a few years' quiet life in England.

"Ah, if it were only that she is eccentric!" said Lady Scarlett. "One doesn't mind that in the least. People may be quite mad, for that matter. One of my dearest friends firmly believes that Mary of Modena ought to be on the throne, and shakes her head every Sunday morning when the prayers for the Queen and the royal family are read. One quite understands people being odd in that way; but—I don't mind speaking to you very openly, you are such an old friend of Frank's—I think Mrs. Potwin is vulgar. I could accustom myself to her; she isn't quarrelsome; she isn't disagreeable; but I know that, sooner or later, it will make Frank unhappy to feel that she isn't like other people. She is so young now, and all the strange things she says are said in such a graceful little way that she seems like a naughty child. And, I fancy, Frank likes her all the better because she is different from other people. Ten years from now, when she has four or five children, it will be dreadful to hear her talk as she does to-day; and the worst of it is that the children will learn to say the same unheard-of things that she does."

I tried my best to comfort the poor lady, but she returned to the charge with an evident determination to know the worst and have it over.

"Frank," she said, "has not seen fit to talk very freely to me, but from something which Mrs. Potwin herself said it seems that it was not Mr. Potwin's death that took him from her."

I could not, of course, pronounce the fatal word "divorce" after she had dodged it so gracefully, but I gave her to understand, as delicately as I could, that the courts of the State of California not infrequently put asunder those whose joining together had proved inauspicious. And so Lady Scarlett knew the worst. She didn't ask why or how Mrs. Potwin's marriage had been broken. It was enough for her to know that it had been dissolved by process of law, and not by the death of one of the contracting parties. If her son was going to marry a divorced woman, she, at any rate, would try to do her duty by him, and by any one who bore his father's name. But I knew, as I left the old lady standing there among the bean-poles, that I had dealt her a mortal blow the day I first took her son to Ysonde Potwin's house in Yokohama.

VII.

If the morning had been given up to kitchen-gardening and remorse, the afternoon, at any rate, promised to be a pleasant one. Mrs. Potwin was, naturally, having very much her own way with Dunkin House and its inmates, and it was her pleasure to take possession of an old cedar-wood punt that lay idly among the lily-pads. After appointing herself captain of the lazy craft, she ordained that Scarlett should serve for crew and I for freight. She had selected from among the mass of Japanese cushions and draperies which he had brought from Japan those which pleased her best, and when she herself, dressed in a charming little frock of Japanese silk, took her place in the punt, her lap filled with apple blossoms, she looked like a stray leaf from a Japanese picture-book dropped by some persistent breeze upon the sober English surface of the Thames. But she had not proposed to herself an afternoon of summer idleness, and I don't think I ever heard so earnest a tone in her voice as when she told Scarlett to let the punt drift, and then said to me:

"I want to talk to you seriously. Sometimes you laugh at what I say and sometimes you scold me, but you always treat me as if I were a naughty little child who ought to be at school. But to-day I want to be serious, and I want you to help me decide and help Frank decide what he and I ought to do. If I were here alone with him, it would be no use for me to try to be wise. He just takes it for granted that everything is going to run smoothly, and that we are going to be married, and live happily ever after. Now will you listen to what I am going to say and tell me truly what you think?"

I told her that I would do my best, and then she made Frank promise in his turn that he "would not take everything for granted."

"Well," began Mrs. Potwin, when she had assured herself an attentive hearing, "in the first place, I don't think it is right for me to go on being conditionally engaged to Frank, and having all his friends think it's a regular engagement. I told him before we left Japan that I didn't consider he was any more held to it than I was, and that he could back out whenever he wanted to. But he won't want to, because he is obstinate, and even if he did want to he wouldn't, because he'd be ashamed, and I think we have got to make up our minds about it one way or the other. In America it is as easy as anything to break off an understanding like that, or even a regular engagement. I know lots of girls who have been engaged five or six times, and they don't think anything of it; but here in England everybody seems to think it is a very serious thing. It is just like getting into one of your express trains. They lock the doors of the car, and you have to stay there until you get to where you have bought your ticket for. If I go on staying here with his mother and all his friends, and then, afterwards, I tell him that I don't think it is going to do, they will all say I was a flirt and that I made a fool of him, and he would hate that, because he is awfully proud. Wouldn't you, Frank?"

"I don't like to look like a fool, if that's what you mean, my dear," said Scarlett. "But I don't see what you want to talk all this nonsense for. Of course we are going to be married sooner or later. I'm not hurrying you; I will give you all the time you want. It seems to me the simplest thing in the world. You and I had an awfully good time out in Japan together, and we have a good time here. Why shouldn't we be married and go on having a good time?"

"I will tell you why," said Mrs. Potwin. "You know that man we saw the day we went over to Woodstock—the man who was driving what you call a piebald horse? We call them *paint* horses in America. Well, I didn't see anything out of the way about it. I think a spotted horse is awfully pretty. But you and all the other men on the coach laughed at it, and said that the horse looked as if it came out of a circus. Well, now, I am like a spotted horse. I am very pretty, but I am not the correct thing in England. Japan was a kind of a circus to you, and when you saw me out there you thought I was lovely; but if we got married, you would find out, sooner or later, that all your friends wondered why you harnessed up a piebald horse instead of choosing a regular every-day color like other people. I didn't know it was going to be like that until I came over to England. That is what I wanted to come here for—to find out. It isn't because I am a flirt; truly it isn't. I haven't flirted with you the least bit, Frank. I like you ever so much, and the only reason I don't want to marry you is that I don't believe it would work. Your mother's awfully nice and kind to me, but I can see that she doesn't think it is going to work either. Do *you* think it would work?" said the little woman, turning to me.

"I don't know what I think, my dear Mrs. Potwin," I replied. "Sometimes I fancy you are rather too feather-headed a small person to marry anybody, but when you talk like this you don't seem feather-headed at all. I don't see that, after all, it is anybody's business but yours and Frank's, or that anybody else but you two can judge about it. If you both believe that you can be happy together, it is half the battle over already."

I felt rather a sneak as I said this, for although I had been very careful not to express an opinion of any sort when I had been talking with Lady Scarlett that morning, I knew quite well that I had left her with the impression that I did not approve of her son's matrimonial project. But I was touched by what Mrs. Potwin said, and I was beginning to think that perhaps I had been unjust to her, and that she had more unselfishness and good feeling than I had given her credit for.

"If it is my turn now," said Scarlett, "perhaps I might say what I think, because, after all, I have something to do with it, you know. And what I've got to say is this: If the only reason you are afraid to marry me is that you think I will be ashamed of you, it's all rubbish. I am not a hand to be always arguing about things and talking politics and all that, and I know a great many people seem to think I have no brains, but I know what I want as well as the next man—and what I want is you. I suppose what you are driving at is that if we had a house in town, and went up there every season, people would say I hadn't made a smart marriage. But what difference does that make to me? If I was a parson it might do me some good to marry a girl whose people were great swells and all that sort of thing. But I'm not. I don't want anything of anybody, and as for being up in town and dining out every night, I hate all that. I like to be comfortable, and I think you and I would have the jolliest sort of a life together. If you have any real reason for thinking that we wouldn't, tell me what it is, but if it's only that you think you're a piebald horse, I call it wasting time to talk about that."

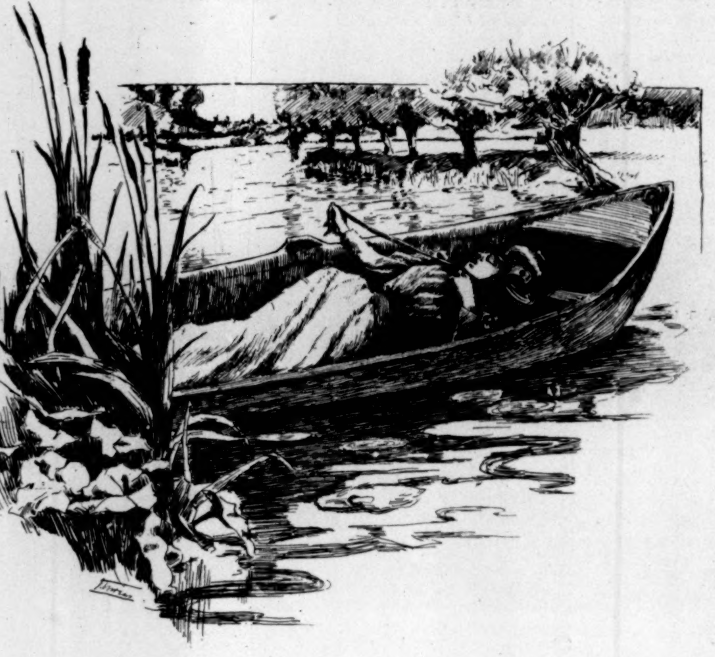
"Well, that isn't all there is to it," said Mrs. Potwin, "but it all comes to the same thing"; then turning to me, she said:

"Don't you think I ought to tell Frank about Temehichi? I have tried to tell him two or three times, but he won't let me."

"What's Temehichi?" said Scarlett. "Some place in Japan where you were riding what you call a 'paint' horse in a circus? What do I care about that? Haven't I seen you often enough flying about Yokohama with no hat on, and wasn't I flying about with you, for that matter? I wouldn't want to go down Piccadilly that way, and I don't suppose you would either, and after we are married and settled I don't suppose either of us will want to do that sort of thing. And as for your trying to tell me some story of yours, I know that one evening up in Nikko you wanted to tell me all about some man you had been engaged to, and I told you I didn't want to hear it. I know well enough you were married before, for that matter, and of course I wish you hadn't been; but I don't see any use in talking about it."

Mrs. Potwin asked me again if I didn't think she ought to tell Scarlett all about Temehichi, and in common honesty I had to say that I thought she ought.

And she did. There in the broad, square-shouldered punt, on the quiet, comfortable English river, she told him the whole story. I knew, as soon as she began, that Scarlett would not laugh at that. And when I saw that she wasn't trying to tone it down at all, that she meant to make him clearly understand that she had seriously thought of marrying a little copper-colored servant-boy, who was either a lunatic or worse—either out of his head or engaged in some mad scheme of getting up a twopenny-ha'penny insurrection in Japan—I liked her better than I had ever liked her before. Scarlett heard her story to the end, leaning on his long punt-pole, and from time to time thoughtfully stirring the mud in the river-bottom and watching the black clouds rise through the clear water. When she had said her say she looked up at him to see how he was taking it, and I looked the other way. I wished more than ever that they had not brought me with them. The punt shot ahead vigorously, and we were half a mile down the stream before Scarlett spoke. Then, letting his pole drag idly through the water, he said to Mrs. Potwin:



"IT WAS A GREAT BIRD'S HEAD, WITH GARNET EYES."

"I suppose you expect to have me tell you what I think of all this, but I can't do it yet. You see, I am one of the slow kind—so now we will talk about something else, if you don't mind." I saw in his face that the story of Temehichi was gall to him. A moment later he let the punt run up to the bank and said:

"If you people will amuse each other for a moment, there is a cottage just a hundred yards from the shore that my agent's been talking to me about, and I want to have a look at it for myself."

It was as good an excuse as another, and I could very well understand that he wanted to be alone for a moment. When we were left there together in the punt, Mrs. Potwin said, quietly enough:

"He sees now that I am a paint horse. I guess, now that he knows about Temehichi, it will be easy enough to persuade him that he had better not marry me. Do you know what I believe? I believe it was because Temehichi used to clean up the flat that Frank thinks it is so awful. It seems just the same to him as if it were one of the big footmen up at the house. He doesn't see the difference the least bit."

"It is a singular story, you know, when a man hears it for the first time," said I, a little sharply perhaps, for at the moment I felt much more sorry for Scarlett than for her.

"Oh, it's singular enough," replied Mrs. Potwin; "anybody would say that. But when you call it singular, that's a kind of a half-polite way of calling it disgusting. I suppose you'd have been disgusted when I told you the story on board the steamer last year, only you didn't like me enough to care anything about it one way or the other; but it disgusts Frank; anybody can see that easy enough. There isn't any cottage up there. He's just gone off to cool down, that's all."

"That is quite likely," said I. "It can't flatter a man's vanity much to have Temehichi for a rival."

"It is so hard to make you Englishmen understand," cried Mrs. Potwin. "With us, people's ideas are so different. You can't expect it to be any other way. There are a few people in New York and in Baltimore and one or two other big cities who bring up their children on the English plan, but a good many people laugh at them for it."

"And you were not brought up on the English plan?" I asked.

"No," said Mrs. Potwin, "I wasn't. My father was rich, and of course he had a splendid position in Washington; but he thought all those old-fashioned European ideas were ridiculous, and I guess my mother thought so too. It's awfully hard to explain it, but if I could only make you understand, you wouldn't blame me half so much. Why, you take it there in California: nearly all the old ladies whose husbands have so much money now—the old ladies that everybody looks up to—they worked with their hands thirty or forty years ago. Maybe they weren't servants in anybody else's houses, but they were servants in their own houses, anyhow. They worked like servants, they ate like servants, they talked like servants, and they thought like servants. According to our American ideas they're commoner than the ladies in the East, but I don't see but what it is just the same everywhere. I have been up, when I was a little girl, to stay with some cousins of mine in Vermont—people who were as proud as could be—but it was a farm, and the ladies used to do most of the cooking themselves. They had only one hired girl, and they used to have to get the men's dinner ready, hired men and all, and wait on them at table, too. Do you suppose that when a child sees such things, that child will grow up with English ideas about social distinctions and all that? Why, those old ladies up in Vermont would have thought any such talk as that was worse than nonsense; they would have said it was downright wickedness. They had a kind of a Puritan idea that one person was just as good as another, and that it was wrong to be worldly, as they called it. That's the way all our grandmothers were in America. And we grow up to be as worldly as can be, and to want to spend lots of money and to wear good clothes, and everything like that, but we still have their ideas about one person being just as good as another. I know I was wrong to encourage Temehichi to think about me, but if I had been in earnest it wouldn't have been wrong, according to the old American idea of things. You English people think it's awful bad manners for girls to flirt, in the joking kind of way our girls do, without trying to hide it; but I guess English girls brought up the way we are—girls in what you call the middle classes—are just the same. It isn't fair to judge me as if I had been brought up like your sisters."

And Mrs. Potwin, turning her head away, and nestling down in the cushions, added:

"I wish you would go and look at that cottage, too. I'm a little bit upset, and I'd like to be alone for a while." I stepped out of the boat, and as I walked up the green slope of the bank I heard her crying softly.

Scarlett was already far ahead of me, skirting the edge of a field of corn. No cottage was in sight. He had marched off, as Mrs. Potwin said, because he wanted to be alone. I was thoroughly uncomfortable. There was a wall at the farther end of the field, and when he came to it he put his elbows on it and stood there with his hands crossed under his chin and his head bowed. As I came up behind him I said:

"You had better come back to the boat, old chap. She feels just as badly as you do, and it's not very civil to leave her there all alone."

"Why didn't you stay with her, then?" asked Scarlett. "I wanted to be quiet for five minutes. I was afraid I might say something I would be sorry for afterwards. It's a beastly story—a beastly story."

"It's not her fault that you didn't hear it long ago," said I.

"Oh, you needn't make excuses for her," said Scarlett. "I'm not blaming her. She doesn't look at things just the way you and I do—that's all. It's filthy! That's what I call it."

I made no reply and we walked slowly back across the field. As we neared the river-bank I thought I saw the bushes move, and wondered if Mrs. Potwin had left the boat. But she was lying there, half hidden in the soft Japanese cushions. Scarlett stepped into the punt and picking up his pole said:

"I fancy we'd better be making our way up stream again, hadn't we?"

There was no answer, and as I followed him into the boat I remarked that I had gone to have a look at the cottage too. Still there was no answer from Mrs. Potwin. I leaned over the side of the boat to look at her eyes and see if she was still crying, and as I did so Scarlett looked, too.

Over her head, quite covering her face and her yellow hair, and clasped tightly around her throat, was a bronze helmet, a larger copy of the one Temehichi had sent her with the doll. It was a great bird's head, with garnet eyes, and a beak like a hawk's, made of gold. I thought at first that it was a toy she had put on to make us laugh. It seemed an ill-timed farce, and I had it on the end of my tongue to ask her to take it off, when I saw something in the position of her arms that made me reach out to remove it myself. But it was clamped on, shut like a trap with a strong spring.

I jumped out of the punt and up the bank. Far away down the road I saw the receding figure of a man, undersized, no taller than a boy.

I turned to the punt again. Scarlett was holding her in his arms, the grotesque metal head, with its golden beak, hanging on his breast.

He was picking at the joint in the side of the helmet, and at last he found the spring and lifted the casque from her shoulders.

Her yellow hair was matted by the weight of the bronze, and a gray line encircled her throat where the collar of the helmet had compressed her soft flesh. Her eyes were staring, as the blue eyes of the wax doll had stared. And she was quite dead, suffocated by the monstrous thing that the son of Tokugawa had locked upon her head.

THE END.

AMATEUR · SPORT

A SPORTING PILGRIMAGE.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

IV.

ENGLISH UNIVERSITY ATHLETICS.—III.

FOOTBALL.

ALTHOUGH football is the oldest of all organized English out-door sports, its introduction into the universities is of comparatively recent date. Comparatively, when we consider that rowing goes quite back to the very beginning of the present century, and that football in England was flourishing most actively as early as 1300. It does appear curious, at first thought, that football should have thrived so wondrously among the people, and yet remain ignored at Oxford and Cambridge; but the explanation is found in the very fact of its being the people's game, and it seems never to have arisen to the social distinction it has in America. It was not in those first days by any means fashionable, and while, of course, since being added to the list of university sports, it has attained a much higher plane in that respect, and is, to a certain extent, one of "society's" outing fixtures, yet it has never quite become the vogue as in America, nor that cricket is in England. You will not see the same large percentage of quality at the Oxford-Cambridge football contests as you will find at Springfield and in New York attentively following the struggles of the Harvard-Yale-Princeton elevens. Certainly you will see at the English university matches numbers of graduates and undergraduates, but not in such large quantities as in America when our large universities meet on the gridiron field. Somehow football in England has never lost its original stamp of being the property of the populace, and contemporary with its spreading interest for this class there has, of recent years, sprung up such an amount of scandal, and so deeply rooted a professional taint, that the better element, which in America lends the game such distinctive and distinguished coloring, in England is scarcely large enough to give a lighter shading to the sombre effects of the mass.

THE OXFORD BEAGLES.
From a Photograph by Hills & Saunders.

Just a few words now of the early days of football in England, that we may reach its introduction in the universities. As I have said, the first we hear of the game dates about 1300, when from all accounts it must have been very popular, since it flourished, despite no end of vigorous opposition, up to the seventeenth century, growing meanwhile quite as phenomenally as we in America have seen it expand the last few years, and absorbing just as much, if not more, of the attention of the people. Of course it was a crude game, with, I dare say, still cruder rules, and, from all historians tell us, must have been more or less a lustily sustained contest between different towns or counties, in which the inhabitants of each engaged with all the ardor of rival sections. The side having the ball (usually an inflated bladder) endeavored to carry it into the town of their opponents and touch some door or house previously agreed upon as goal. Oftentimes the field of play might be several miles in length or breadth, and, indeed, these early contests may be likened to the advance of an army, with its skirmishers thrown out along the lines, and its closed bodies of fighting-men struggling to reach the coveted goal in the enemy's territory.

The use of both hands and feet was permitted, and tackling must have been one of the most important of its features.

It is easy to understand why this hurly-burly game did not find favor with the fashion—especially the dilettante fashion of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—and why it led so tempestuous a life, frowned on by the nobility, and discouraged and even forbidden by the ruling sovereigns. Bitterly opposed by the government, king after king on ascending the throne issued proclamations against football, while the merchants in the cities appealed to the local authorities against the play of the very boys in the streets. Probably no other game ever struggled through and prospered under such bitter opposition as football.

There is no opposition to the game in England to-day, but in America we have had some experience in that line the last two years, and know what silly objections timorous and bigoted people may put forth in their ignorance, and how strenuously they can urge them.

To these, more particularly to those whose pointless exploitations found harbor last winter with one or two American editors equally ignorant, I commend a gem I once discovered in a history on football, which, among other reasons for the world coming to an end in 1583, gave that of "football-playing and other develishe pastimes" as occupying too much of the people's attention.

However, notwithstanding the opposition and all the threats of imprisonment, football thrived in its early days in England just as it has with us, despite the clamoring of people who neither can nor would if they could understand the benefits derived by Young America from so hardy a game.

Until the beginning of the seventeenth century football flourished healthfully, but with the political ascendency of the Puritans a rigid veto was put upon the sport; all Sunday playing was stopped entirely, and week-day matches so thoroughly discountenanced that popular interest waned with great rapidity. The people were discouraged, and so long as the Puritans remained the dominant power sport of all kinds stagnated. It took over two hundred years to revivify football.

At the beginning of the present century the game was almost a memory of the past; indeed, it may be said there was no playing, and football, if discussed at all, was spoken of as a relic of some ancient pastime.

It was not to be supposed, however, that a sport of such sterling qualities, and one that had fought so valiantly for recognition, would long remain only a memory, and it is no surprise to find, therefore, that about 1820 it began to show signs of life. Between the thirties and forties, while it cannot be said to have become popular, there was a little more play, which increased, until between the fifties and sixties, when England's great public schools took it up, and from that time the beginning of the second wave of football interest may be dated.

Each school adapted play to the capacity of its own ground, and thus it is that at the present day Rugby, Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Westminster, and Charterhouse each has a distinctive game of football, and some of them rather curious, which in a later article I hope to take up in illustrated detail, but here devote myself to the merest sketch, in order to give some idea of their several peculiarities.

Eton has two, the wall and the field game. The first is altogether too complicated to hope to explain in the few lines that I am going to give to it here. Suffice it to say that the field is 120 yards long by 6 yards wide, on one side of which is a wall about 10 feet high running the entire length of the ground, and along which most of the play is made. The goals are a door 4 feet wide by 5 feet high at one end, and at the other a large elm-tree. The Eton wall game is unquestionably a development of what we as boys in the long ago used to know as "passage" football, played stealthily about the dormitories at an hour when we were supposed to be sleeping the sleep of good and tired youngsters.

In the Eton field game the ground is from 100 to 120 yards long and from 80 to 100 yards wide, the goals, as they are with us, being at the base-lines, and 12 feet wide by 6 feet high. It is chiefly a kicking game.

AN ENGLISH FOOTBALL-PLAYER.

The Harrow game permits of catching and free kicking; but, although they have much more room than at Eton, there is no running with the ball and no tackling.

At the Charterhouse and Westminster schools the first boys had only the cloisters as play-ground, and theirs was the original dribbling game.

Rugby was the only school that seems to have had plenty of room, and therefore the only one that originally played the game where tackling and running with the ball were recognized features.

The Winchester game, again, is different from all the others. The field is about 80 yards long by 25 yards wide—a shape that seems to have been likewise the result of necessity, since the football men were consigned to the edges of the playing-field, whereas the centre was reserved for cricket practice. The field is surrounded by a net, and the game is really a prolonged scrimmage (called a "hot"); there is no dribbling whatever.

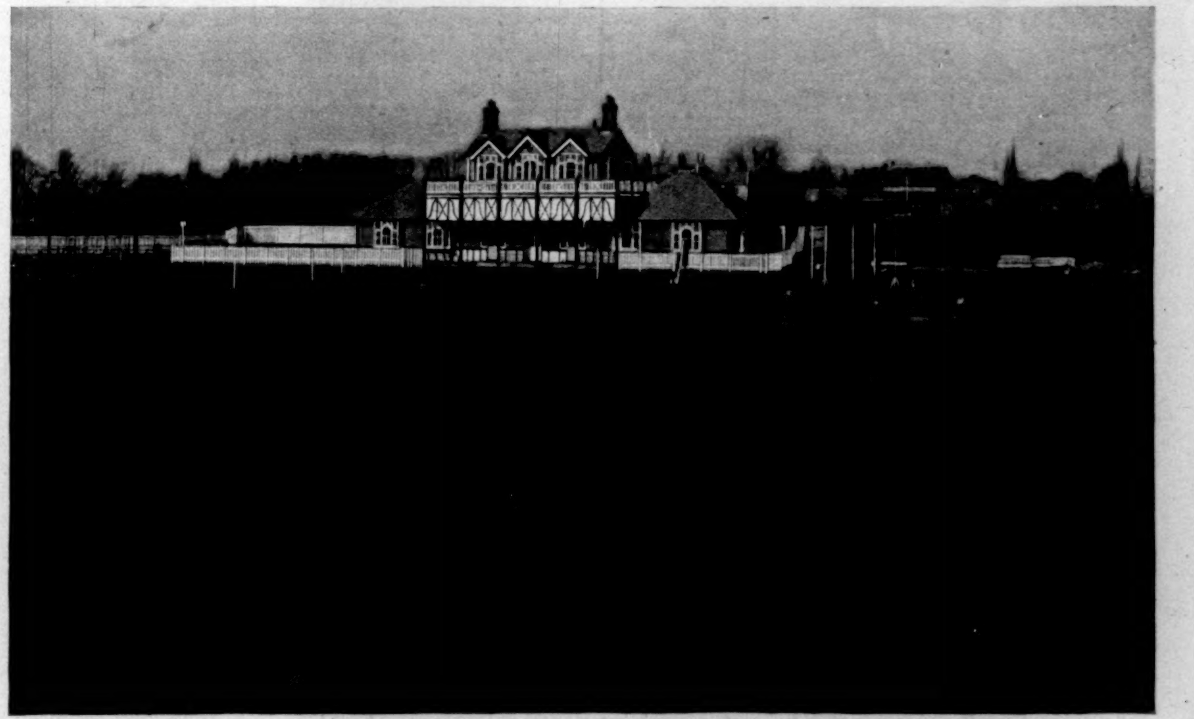
Each public school, of course, developed its own game and graduated its own players, and these sowed the seeds of football at the universities.

Naturally, so many different styles of play made the introduction of a common game a matter of a few years; and so, while the public-school boys had football in plenty between the fifties and sixties, it was not until well on in the sixties that the game began to be played at Oxford and Cambridge to any great extent. Cambridge appears to have had some football earlier, it is true, as in 1855 there are records of a dribbling game having existed, but no attempt at an organization of players was made, and such life as the sport had was probably of a desultory description.

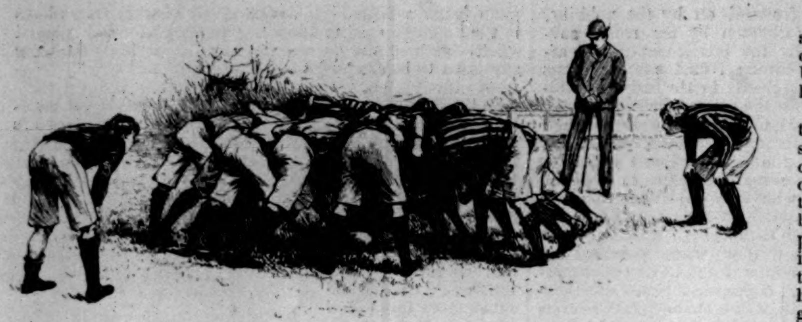
At Oxford there is not a word of football at so early a date, and even later Cambridge seems to have been somewhat ahead in organizing and maintaining the game.

Along in the sixties there had sprung up quite a football spirit in the public schools and in the universities, and some outside clubs had begun to give it attention. In 1863 Cambridge men, who were playing a dribbling or the Association game, organized, though at this time there was no off-side rule as it exists to-day. Eton and Harrow both had off-side rules, but not so Cambridge, Westminster, and Charterhouse, until 1867, when the rule was passed as it now stands. Although the teams playing Rugby football were not associated, they had an off-side rule that was especially strictly enforced at Winchester, developed a greater number of players, and their game increased in popularity even more than did that of the Association.

In 1871 the popularity of football was beginning to increase tremendously; all the public schools had teams play-



OXFORD ATHLETIC FIELD AND CLUB-HOUSE.
From a Photograph by H. W. Taunt & Co.



FOOTBALL SCRIMMAGE—RUGBY UNION GAME.

ing one style or the other of the game, the Rugby Union Association was organized, and immediately instituted an international championship series with Scotland, which, together with the Ireland series (formed later), has ever since been the most interesting feature of the Rugby season. In 1872 the Association followed in the same lines.

In 1873 Oxford and Cambridge played their first match, and 1875 and 1876 one may say the game dates the beginning of its present popularity, which has increased year by year, until it now absorbs the people from one end of the kingdom to the other.

I have already commented on the great amount of interest taken by the English people in their football, and on the almost numberless teams that are playing in a season. I have also alluded to the professional taint that seems to pervade everywhere outside of the universities, and a few honorable exceptions among a very small number of clubs. But of this I shall write another time, the present article being entirely devoted to Oxford and Cambridge.

Before going further it will not be inopportune to run over the periods of the American university game. We have seen that the earliest football of the English universities was in 1855, at Cambridge, and that they did not take up the game to any very great extent until well on towards the seventies, although, of course, there was some playing during the sixties; that Oxford and Cambridge had their first match in 1873. Turning to our own universities, we know that there was football at Yale in 1840, that they were playing until 1858, when, the city authorities refusing the use of the town green, the sport was discontinued, and we know that during all this time there was some play at Harvard.

In 1871 football was revived at Yale, and in 1872 the Yale Football Association was organized, and a game played and won by their university team against Columbia.

In 1874 the Intercollegiate Football Association was organized by Yale, Princeton, Columbia, and Rutgers, and Yale won the first championship. From that year American university football dates, if not its birth, at least its first attempt at independent life. How vigorous the youngster proved is a familiar story; its creeping days were short; and it was running long before it was booked to walk. So, although the English universities had been rowing many years before we began, in football we stand on a much nearer comparative basis.

In a previous article I wrote of the great number of men that engage in sport of one kind and another at the English universities, and, as may be supposed, football is one of the most popular of the lot.

It may be said, I think, to occupy the second place in popularity in the universities, though I am aware in making such assertion that cricket is so strong a rival, and the two stand so very near together in interest and in drawing spectators, that a choice of the more popular is hazardous. Particularly am I aware of the fact that cricket men, indeed all Englishmen, are exceedingly solicitous that their game, which has been called the national one, should continue to be so ranked, and I doubt if the average Britisher would agree with me in placing rowing first and football second in popularity at Oxford and Cambridge; however, it seems to me that the summing up of the case depends entirely on the Englishman's predilections; I know I had some difficulty in arriving at an unbiassed decision after the various estimates I had from all sources.

Every college at Oxford and Cambridge maintains one Association and a Rugby Union team, and some even have a second.

Of their system of training there is not a great deal to say that I have not already covered in other articles, except that it is very much less than the preparation of the boating men. In fact, the preparation of football men is practically nil. No pretence whatever is made of having a training table or of going rigidly into training. They are always more or less in condition. The men who go in for sport at Oxford and Cambridge are, as a rule, of natural athletic inclination, and if they are not playing football they are playing cricket, or they are rowing, or they are actively interested in one or the other of the many seasonable sports; as this goes on the year round, it stands to reason that the physical condition of the average English undergraduate is rather high, probably higher than it is with us. Football men are as often as not cricketers, and sometimes even members of the track athletic teams; this year, for instance, C. B. Fry, of Wadham College, Oxford, was the captain of the University Association Football team, president of the University Athletic Club, competitor in the hundred yards, a fast man over the hurdles, holder of the English University running-broad-jump record, and a member of his 'varsity cricket eleven.

All English university football men, however, are not Frys.

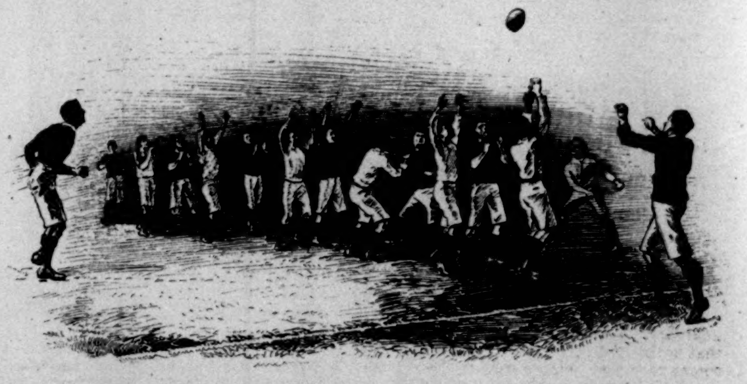
The management of the teams I covered in the first article of this series, which is, briefly, that in most of the colleges the athletic interests are amalgamated in one common treasury, from which all money is drawn for the support of teams.

The costumes of English football men are quite dissimilar to ours, as the illustration will show. They wear breeches like our track athletes, a sleeved shirt, and heavy stockings that reach up to but do not cover the knee. It strikes an American rather funnily when for the first time he sees a football team come on to the field with bared knees. I noticed that the forwards in Rugby Union wore ear-protectors, and in regard to head-gear looked quite like our own players.

It is true that our football trousers are not a necessity in their less vigorous game, but it seemed to me the Englishmen could do something for themselves by adopting our canvas jackets, as with their loose jersey shirts a clean tackle is not now absolutely essential.

Before I go on to talk of their form I must tell how curiously the indifferent reception given by the spectators to the Oxford and Cambridge university football teams, at their annual match at Queen's, impressed me. I am sure no situation in which I found myself on the entire trip seemed so strange to me as standing in that crowd of university men, all apparently keen on the match, and yet never a one of them raising his voice in a cheer when the teams came on to the field. As a matter of fact, the university players received no more greeting than would our scrub elevens when they come out to make practice for the 'varsity. I found this same lack of enthusiasm running through all English university athletics. On no occasion did I hear a cheer given except at the boat-race, when each crew pulled away from its landing-stage for the starting-point. Even down at Oxford and Cambridge, on the banks of the river, during their college races, one never hears a cheer. There are guttural murmurs of approbation heard from the crowd of college men that run along the banks with the boats; murmurs that rise and fall like the vocal demonstrations of the conventional dramatic stage mob, but they rarely reach the point of utterance, or when they do are confined to "well rowed," so and so. At the football match of which I am speaking you would hear "well played, Oxford," or "well played, Cambridge," but that was the limit of encouragement. At the athletic sports, "well run," so and so, or "well jumped," were the vogue, in addition to the very general method of approval by hand-clapping. Throughout English university athletics concerted cheering, as we know it, is absolutely unheard, and, indeed, unknown.

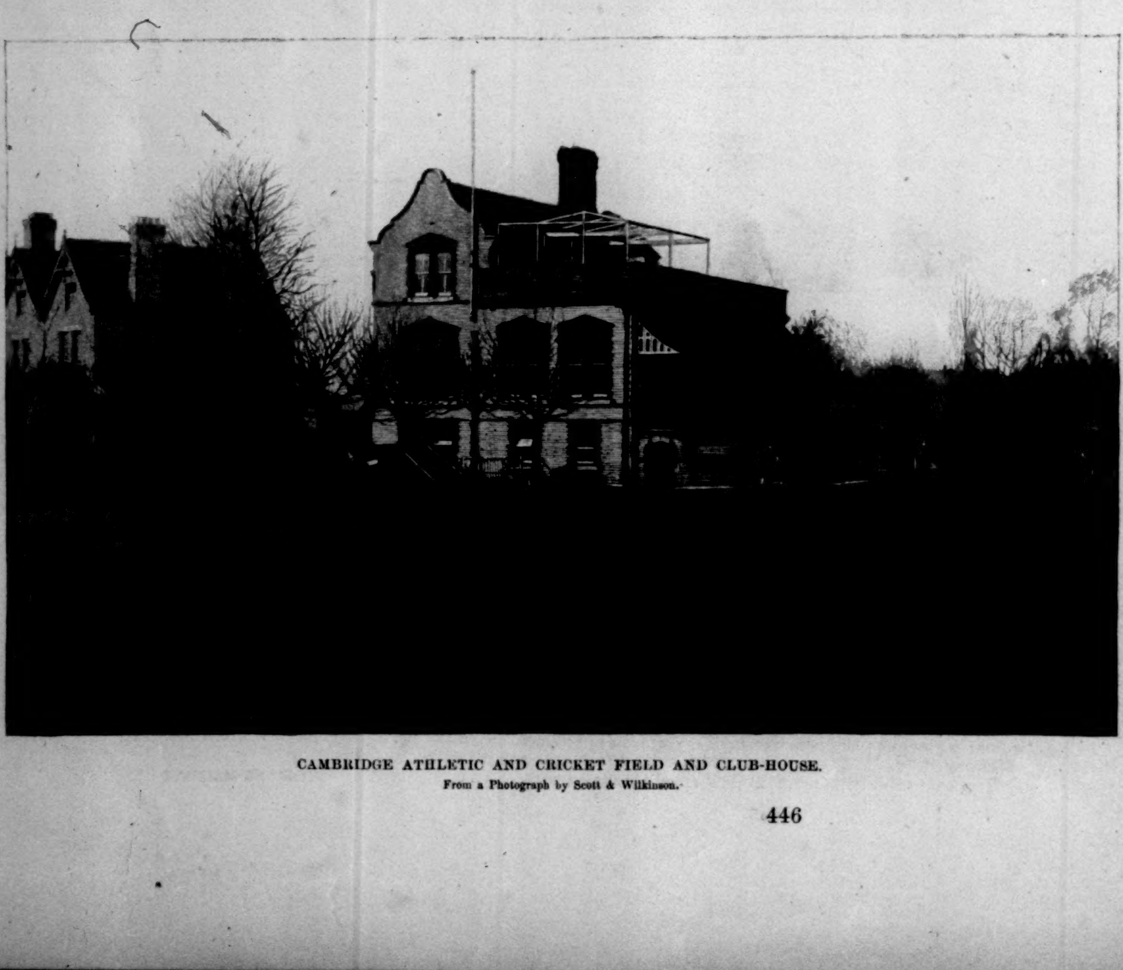
Now as to the football play. Candidly I must confess I was disappointed; probably I expected too much, or, what is more likely, perhaps my standards were too high. Our own American university game is so superior in point of scientific preparation and skilful play that I felt exactly as though, for instance, I had gone to see the Princeton 'varsity team, and, instead, the scrub eleven had been brought out for my entertainment. I could not help the feeling, as I stood on the side lines, that I was a spectator of an undeveloped game—there were so many opportunities that were ignored entirely. One who knows American football must, on first seeing a Rugby Union match, feel he is watching an elementary game. You recognize instantly whence came our advanced quarter-back play and the formation of our forwards with the centre rusher in full possession of the ball. You appreciate at once how this sort of touch-and-go, haphazard game was the beginning of our present scientifically developed play. After watching a great deal of the Rugby Union football in England, I do not see a single feature of it that approaches our own game, and I have seen it played by the universities and by some of the best outside teams. No matter how good the men are, you feel they are losing sight of some of the most interesting possibilities of the play, and you can hardly restrain yourself from coaching them, then and there. To begin with, it is a slower game; the forwards in their scrimmage get their heads down low, so that their shoulders and upper arms are touching, but seem to get wedged in so compactly that when the ball comes out of the scrimmage it takes them an appreciable instant of time to break up and get into the play. In fact they do not get into the play, as we understand it. I have seen a forward occasionally get out to the side and be up with the ball, but it is somewhat of a rare sight, except when a team has such exceptional players as were the two Gurdons of Cambridge a few years ago. It is usually the case that the ball is out and in play before the forwards have got going at all.



PUTTING THE BALL IN PLAY FROM SIDE LINES IN RUGBY UNION.
The Line-up in Association is practically the same.

The *modus operandi* of a scrimmage, or scrummage, as they call it, is—the forwards come together and form practically a circle with their heads down, their arms not exactly interlocked, but the upper arm thrown so as to hold the upper arm of the *vis-à-vis* and aid in pushing him; the ball is thrown in by the half-back of the side in possession of it (the side which kicks out of touch loses the ball); once thrown in, the forwards begin trying to shove one another down the field, or, I believe, the skilful way is to screw the scrimmage around, thus trying to get the ball out at the most advantageous point. In the mean time the half-backs are watching for the ball to come out of the scrimmage, and the three three-quarter backs are just a little behind the half-backs and strung out towards the side of the field on which the play is likely to go. Instantly the ball comes out the backs start; the half-back does not run with the ball, but passes it to the three-quarter nearest him, who, if in danger of being tackled, passes it to the other three-quarter, and this one in turn passes it to the third—the idea in passing from one to the other being to get well out to the side and around the forwards and the backs of the opponents, and thus nearer their goal. If a back is hard pushed, and has not a chance to pass the ball, he punts it out of touch, and it is then brought in by the other side, and the scrimmage begins again.

The skill of this game is supposed to rest largely in clever passing. I had expected a great deal from it. I had been led to understand that the passing was too clever for any tackling, but I am disposed to disagree with English football men in that particular. The passing is clever; of that there is no doubt; and it is equally certain that it is too clever for the kind of tackling they do in England; but I am quite sure that their passing would not be very effective against our tackling. It seems to me that the reason of its effectiveness is because the men are so slow in getting into the play. It is well enough to be able to pass the ball from one three-quarter back to the other if only there is one opponent who has been fast enough to get up near the ball, but I need not tell American university men that such a condition could not exist with our football players, for with their rapidity of getting into a play every one of those three-quarter backs would certainly have down on him one determined tackler from the other side, who would not be



CAMBRIDGE ATHLETIC AND CRICKET FIELD AND CLUB-HOUSE.
From a Photograph by Scott & Wilkinson.

likely to give the back a chance to pass the ball. The slowness (as compared with our game), therefore, of the men getting into the play I consider to explain why the passing is so successful in the Rugby Union game. And apropos of slowness, in a match I saw between the Oxford university eleven and a strong club team, one of the Oxford backs sat on the side lines for several minutes mending a shoelace while the play went on. There was no calling of time.

Of their getting down the field under kicks, I can only say it is excessively slow. Certainly their off-side rule makes the play slower than with us, for a man may not go ahead of the ball, and is not allowed to get within five yards of the opposing half-back on his catch, but, even so, they waste many an opportunity of gaining ground by going to the other extreme.

English tackling does not compare with ours. In the first place it is high. Occasionally you will see a man down his opponent at the knees, but usually he gets him about the upper part of his body, and quite frequently around his neck. Nor do they bring their man down when they tackle. It was quite a frequent thing for me to see one player riding another's back in an unskilful effort at bringing him to earth. They appear to know nothing whatever of the science of tackling, not certainly as we have perfected it.

Perhaps what impressed me most in the Oxford and Cambridge fifteens was the, to my mind, lack of what we consider 'varsity form. There was a great deal of fumbling, and I could easily have picked out three or four men that I should not have cared to have on a second eleven. Then again the men do not "go into" the play just as our men do. You see many a yard gained that could have been stopped by a determined tackle. They do not seem to have the resolution of our football men, and the gaining of a few yards appears not to be of so much moment, which of course is explained somewhat by the difference of our games, for the Rugby Union field is not marked up in five-yard lines like ours (it has only a line at twenty-five yards from each goal-line, and one in the centre) and they are not obliged to gain five yards or lose possession of the ball. There is no rule laid down as to how many yards they should gain. They keep the ball as long as they can, whether they gain or lose. As a matter of fact, the ball changes hands quite frequently, for, as I have said, when a man is about to be tackled, and does not see a good opportunity of passing, he punts into touch.

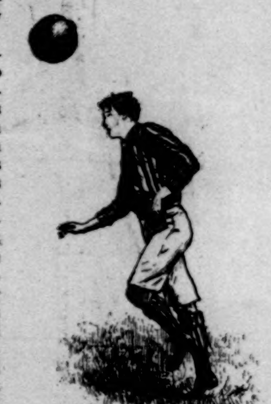
The English Rugby Union and the American Rugby games are radically different, insomuch as in the English all plays are really haphazard, whereas in the American, of course, every one is the result of previous study, the ball is put in play by a system of signals, and every man has a certain defined duty to perform. To be sure, in the Rugby Union there is a certain definite idea of the best means to the end, and a general scheme of the manner to attain it. The half-back knows when he gets the ball out of the "scrum" that he is to pass it to the three-quarter, and the three-quarter knows that he is to run with it until he is likely to be stopped, and then pass it to another three-quarter, and if fortune favors them they hope to get down to the enemy's goal, and failing in that to punt the ball into touch, but that is the end of the system. When the play starts off it comes very near being a case of "every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost."

The full-back has rather a dull time of it in Rugby Union, for he does not play up as our full-back does, and this year there has been some attempt to have four three-quarter backs, which, by-the-way, has not been received with a great deal of favor.

It is not exactly my mission to criticise the English Rugby Union game, especially as whatever way they play it does not interest us particularly, since certainly we should never have it on our side; but as I am giving my impressions from an American point of view, my criticisms will be of course from the same vantage. It appeared to me the Englishmen have not done so much with their game as they might; and it seems, too, they are making a great mistake in laying so much stress on passing. I noticed in watching their play that this feature seemed to absorb all the attention of the players, and that every other was really of secondary consideration. There is no doubt at all if men get into the habit of passing, and if that style is made to be *the* game, the players think less of tackling, consequently practice it less, and therefore the average of the tackling skill becomes low. I say frankly that I was exceedingly astonished at the tackling in Rugby Union football in England. It is poor to the last degree, and in my opinion the great predominance of the passing game is directly responsible for it. The average English football player is firmly convinced that the passing game is too clever for any tackling game, though I endeavored to explain to some of them that it would not live a natural life against the sharp tackling of the American football player. I firmly believe an American university football eleven with a single season's practice would work disaster with a Rugby Union team devoted to passing.

And still another of what seem to me to be evils of the prevalence of the passing is the likelihood of its becoming a very inferior sort of game on a wet day, for in order to pass successfully and cleverly men must keep their feet, and if it happens to be a muddy, slippery field, the standard is certainly materially lowered.

A little earlier in this article I said that there was no single feature of the Rugby Union game that was worthy of recommendation in America, but I was in error, for as I write it comes to me that their play is particularly free of "roughing." There is no slogging. In all the games that I have watched, in not one did I see the slightest attempt at anything savoring of slogging. Indeed, I am told that the written and unwritten law on the subject is extremely severe, and the transgressor would not only be ruled off the field for that game, but stand a good chance of being ruled off for the season. Of course I am talking now of university play; of the general play outside the universities it is another matter, although the Rugby Union game is much freer of unnecessary roughness than is our game as oftentimes played.


"HEADING" THE BALL IN THE ASSOCIATION GAME.

Of the Association game there is not much to say that would interest an American, for as university men we ceased playing it many years ago, but I noticed that there has been very little improvement in the play since I captained my prep. school eleven away back in 1874 and '75. Of course the dribbling has been carried to a bit more scientific point, which is merely the perfection of longer practice, but I could not discover any innovations of especial skill beyond the use of the head. This has become quite a feature, so much so that a man's skill with his head cuts quite a figure in his general qualifications as a player. The head is used as they use their feet, to receive the ball on a kick and butt it in the desired direction, and may, indeed, aptly be called the third leg.

The costumes of the men are the same as in Rugby, except that they wear no head-gear, for of course there is no tackling, the use of the shoulder only being permitted, and no scrimmage.

Although the Association game is not so popular in the universities as Rugby Union, yet to me it was more interesting to watch, for the dribbling of the ball down the field requires a great deal of skill, and gives an opportunity for some very clever play. Of course it seemed more interesting to me, because as I watched the Rugby Union (always making mental comparisons with our own) I could not shake off the feeling that I was looking at a game that had been neglected from infancy.

It is not my province here to go into the English football rules and give an exhaustive explanation of the games. I have touched only on such points as I considered interesting to American players.

In the Association game it is only necessary to say for the understanding of Americans that the hands are not used at all, and there is no running with the ball. It is a game entirely consisting of dribbling, and the only time the ball may be handled (except by the goal-keeper) is when it is kicked into touch; then the sides line up, and it is thrown in by a player on the "opposite side of that which kicked it out, who, facing the field of play, shall throw the ball over his head in any direction." There is a pretence of course in throwing a ball from the side lines to place it advantageously for your own team, but the opposing side is just as apt to get hold of it as one of your own men. In Rugby the ball may also be thrown in from the side lines instead of being put in play by a scrimmage. The players line up about the same as in Association, but the ball must be thrown in "so as to alight at right angles to the touch line," as shown by the illustration.

There is one departure in English football I think we could do well to follow, which is in the matter of umpires, of whom they have two, besides the referee, the result being that disputes are very rare.

It may be understood that in games where the element of chance cuts so large a figure, and where plays are not planned out beforehand, the coaching amounts to a minimum. The chief coaching of the Rugby Union game is in passing by the three-quarter backs, where it is desirable they should play together. In the Association the coaching is largely devoted to the forwards—dribbling—where team-work is necessary, and I should say this game requires more team-work and more coaching than the Rugby Union, but neither one of them receives a great deal of it.

They do not begin to have that systematic coaching and drilling given our teams; in fact, their style of play does not require it. They do get some from a 'varsity player who happens to be in residence at the time, but more often it comes from the captain, and the general drilling of English university football men consists chiefly in what practice play they have on their own fields against outside teams. This is, in fact, the best work they have, for with the great number of teams playing football in England it must be understood that the average of general play is pretty high.

In Association football the university teams are not so good as some of the outside ones, and not up to the standard of the professionals. In Rugby Union the university players are usually the best in England, though it is not uncommon for Oxford or Cambridge to be scored against, and it is quite usual for them to continue playing outside teams some time after they have decided the inter-university match, which is quite different from our way, and not so good, I think, since it makes a series of anticlimaxes where there is nothing to gain and everything to lose.

There is not the same chance of bruising a man in Rugby Union as there is in our game, but there is infinitely more danger in the Association. When two players meet on a ball and attempt to kick it in different directions, broken legs may result, and there is a long list of annual accidents, besides which there is the further danger, entirely unknown to our game, of kicking a man in the head or body.

Altogether, after a careful study of English football, I am more devoted than ever to the American game, more firmly convinced of its exceptionally good qualities, its skill, its ruggedness, and its demand on brain and brawn.

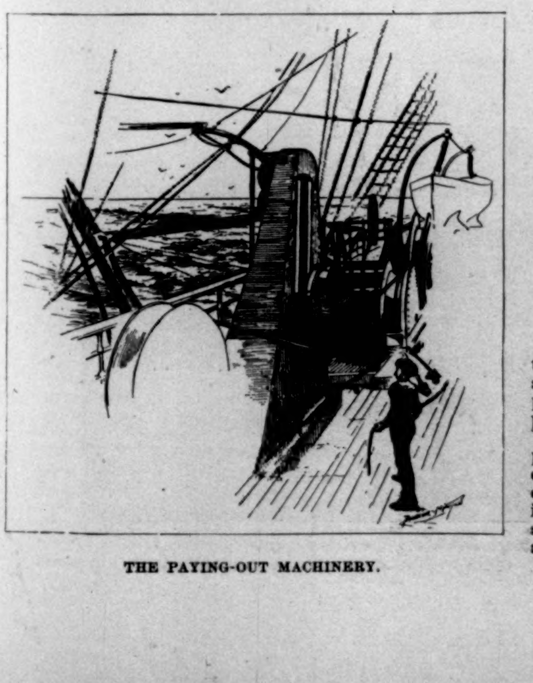
Before ending I must define the term "blue" as applied to the English 'varsity athlete, which I have neglected to do in earlier articles. Instead of calling a candidate who makes a university crew, football, or athletic team a 'varsity man, as we do, Oxford and Cambridge call him a blue, which derives its significance from the fact that he is entitled to wear the 'varsity color, which with Oxford is dark blue, and with Cambridge light-blue.

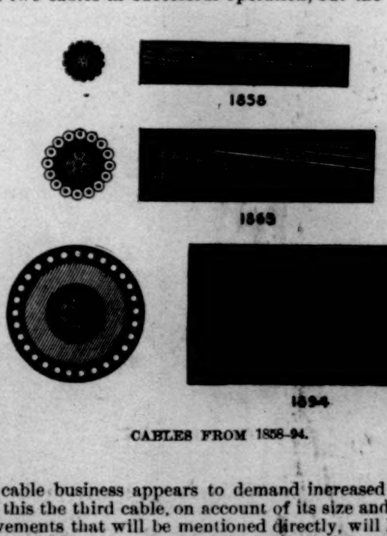
The second-string men, as they are called in England, or, as with us, the substitutes, are known as half-blues, and not entitled to the full blue caps and coats.

A NEW ATLANTIC CABLE.

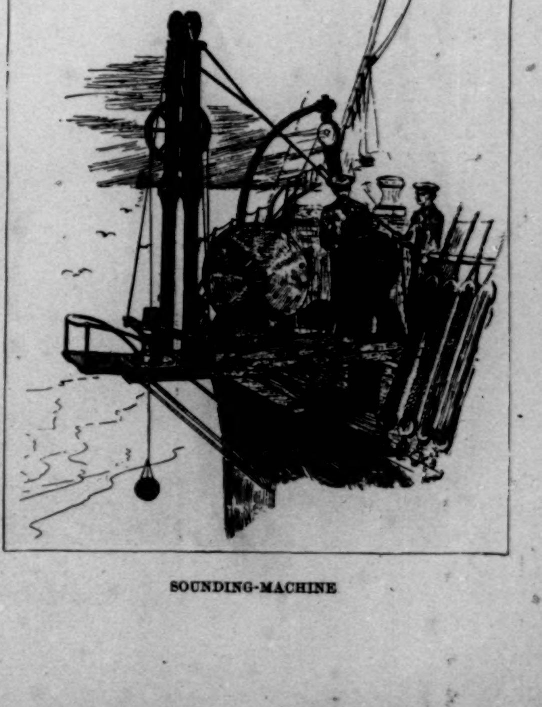
ELECTRIC cables have been successfully worked beneath the waters of the Atlantic Ocean for twenty-eight years, and the putting of one of these immense ropes of steel, copper, and gutta-percha in place is still an undertaking of vast magnitude. But the work is now performed with comparative certainty, owing to the experience of the past, and to the improved machinery that that experience has prompted men of ingenuity to devise. At this time the largest long-distance cable ever constructed is being put in place by the steamer *Faraday* for the Commercial Cable Company, of which Mr. John W. Mackay and Mr. James Gordon Bennett are the principal owners. This company has had for years past two cables in successful operation, but the growth of the cable business appears to demand increased facilities, and this the third cable, on account of its size and other improvements that will be mentioned directly, will have a capacity of 33⅓ per cent. greater than either of the others. Mr. Ward, the manager of the line, has explained that speed capacity in the transmission of cable messages is of the greatest importance, as every minute is worth five dollars. To increase the transmitting capacity of a cable one-third adds to its earning capacity $2400 a day. This is a sum that even a man whose popular cognomen is "Bonanza" is apt to look after carefully.

The new cable is to start in Ballinskelligs Bay, on the Irish coast, and end in Fox Bay, Canso, Nova Scotia. This is a distance of about 2100 miles. The general plan was that the *Faraday* should lay down 400 miles westward from the Irish coast, and then buoy the cable in shallow water which a careful survey has found there. Then from the Nova Scotia coast 400 miles will be put in place to the eastward, and again the end will be buoyed in shallow water.


THE PAYING-OUT MACHINERY.



CABLES FROM 1858–94.


SOUNDING-MACHINE

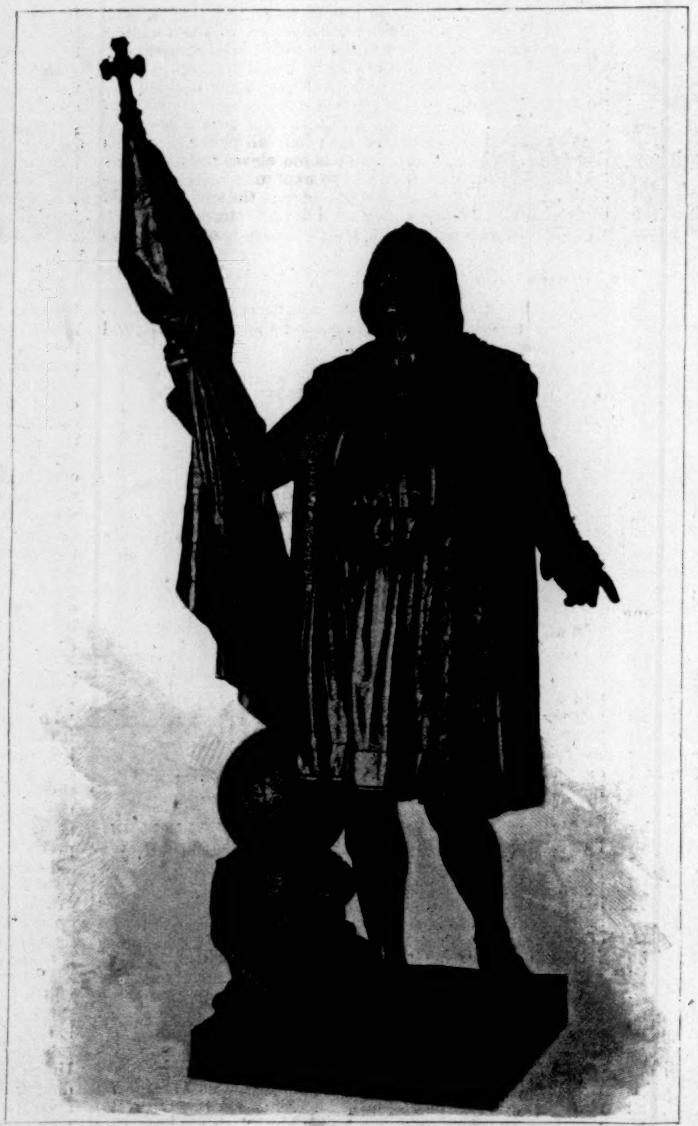
The remaining cable of 1300 miles will then be taken aboard the *Faraday* in England, and the ship, after picking up one end of the cable, will lay the central portion, and effect a connection with the American end.

The improvements in laying cables have been so great that though the *Faraday* began this work only on the 11th of April, it is confidently expected that it will be finished in time for the cable to be put into practical business use by the 1st of July. Mr. Cyrus Field would have been a happy man if thirty-five years ago he could have spoken with like confidence as to the completion of the first cable, which cost so much courageous patience and hard labor. Everything had to be found out then; now comparatively everything is known, and uncertainties are reduced to a minimum. At that time when the cable broke in paying out it was almost impossible to pick it up. Now the machinery for storing the cable aboard ship and paying it out has been so much improved that a breakage is not a near contingency, and picking up an end is a pretty easy job. When the *Faraday* pays out cable it does so with certain knowledge on the part of the officers as to how much water there is in any given place, for the whole route has been surveyed as carefully as the land is measured as to distance and elevations when a railroad is to be constructed.

No other material than gutta-percha, by-the-way, has been found to answer the purpose in wrapping the long-distance cables. Another interesting fact about gutta-percha is that the high tariff on it prevents American manufacturers from competing successfully with the English in making them.

A SPANIARD'S COLUMBUS IN CENTRAL PARK.

Central Park accurately reflects the cosmopolitan character of New York in its monuments. These are in many cases statues of great men of other countries, designed by sculptors usually not great, such as Bolivar the Liberator, designed by Rafael de la Cova, of Venezuela, and Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns, designed by Sir John Steell. To these we may now add a Columbus designed by the Spanish sculptor Suñol (pronounced with a softened n, and the accent on the second syllable), which will be unveiled by Vice-President Stevenson on the 12th.



THE COLUMBUS STATUE, BY SUÑOL, TO BE ERECTED IN CENTRAL PARK.

Señor Suñol was born a Catalan, and studied sculpture at a time when Spanish art was deep in the same classical renaissance which affected the artists of France and Italy and the older generation of our own sculptors. In 1867 he took a third medal at the Exposition Universelle. He is reckoned by some judges only second to Alvarez, and placed on a par with Bellver and the brothers Valmitjana. A great many Columbus statues have been raised in South America, the West Indies, Italy, and Spain. Just why this one was selected for Central Park is not readily discovered; it is said that we owe the suggestion and the achievement of the unveiling to the same gentleman who promoted the statue of Fitz Greene Halleck. The original stands on the Prado at Madrid.

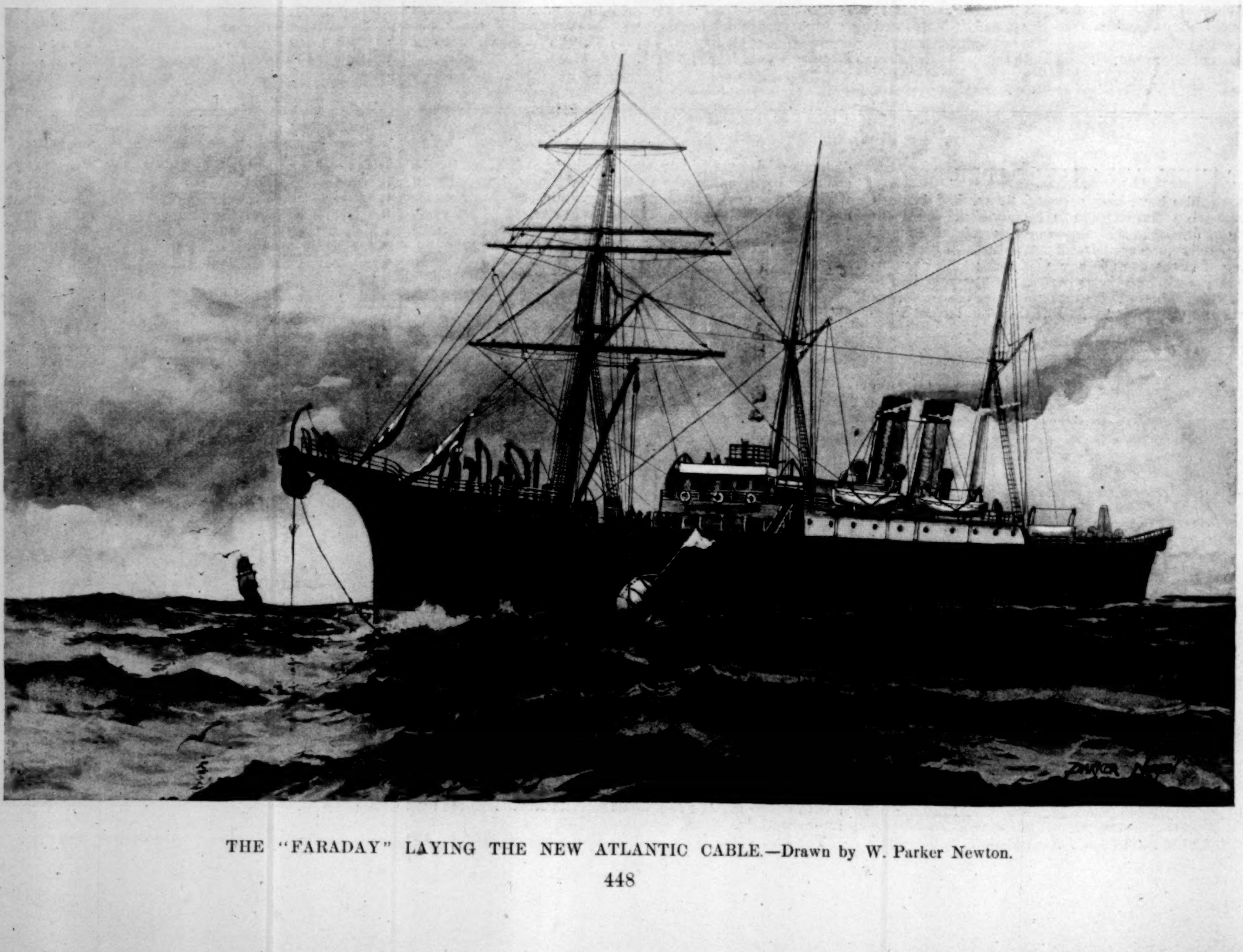
Señor Suñol's figure of Christopher Columbus has the merit of compactness and simplicity. The face is strong and rugged, almost Indian in its profile, the figure that of a powerfully framed man of fifty.

His ostentatious piety and his professions of loyalty to his adopted country are symbolized by the cross at the top of the shaft, and by that standard which he grasps midway, resting the butt of the shaft on a globe, which in turn is poised on a capstan. It is true that Columbus would have sailed in Portuguese or British bottoms had he been able to persuade the monarch of Portugal or that of England to fit him out and commission him, but he was loyal to his step-mother Spain beyond what Spain and Queen Isabella deserved.

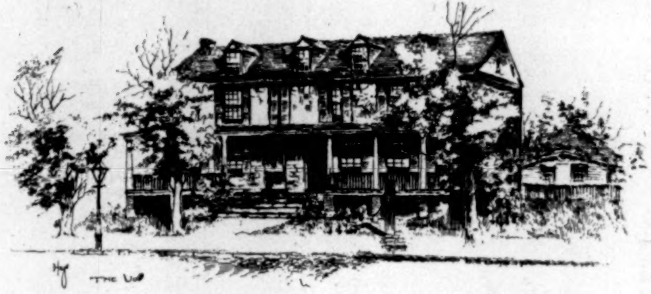
There is little decoration in the way of dress or accessories. The globe is a conventional adjunct for Columbus; the capstan and ropes are still more common in monuments erected to oceanic worthies. The left hand extended with palm upward, and the eyes raised to heaven, accentuate the great navigator's piety, which was at once good policy and natural in his day, but at present might be taken as a trifle spectacular. Columbus had three main objects in view: Fame for himself; riches for his patrons and himself; and Christianity for the dark-skinned denizens of Cathay—willy-nilly, like the Christianity which was highly seasoned and served on broiled toast by her Majesty the Queen of Castile.

The sculptor has therefore seized on these higher moods of Columbus, and tried to single them out for symbolism. The moment is just prior to leaving his ship's deck to take possession of the unknown island reached after so many days of doubt and prayer. Eyes and palm turn to heaven just as the eyes and palms of a thousand saints painted and carved for Spanish churches testify the gratitude and awe of by-gone men and women in their Christian self-abnegation before the mercies of the Deity. Such is the Columbus which we are erecting at the entrance of the Mall, in the little circle over against Shakespeare, where the bronze eyes, if they ever take a peep, can see the tall spires of churches above the elm-trees, and the ears, if they could hear, might listen to the deep note of the city's life.

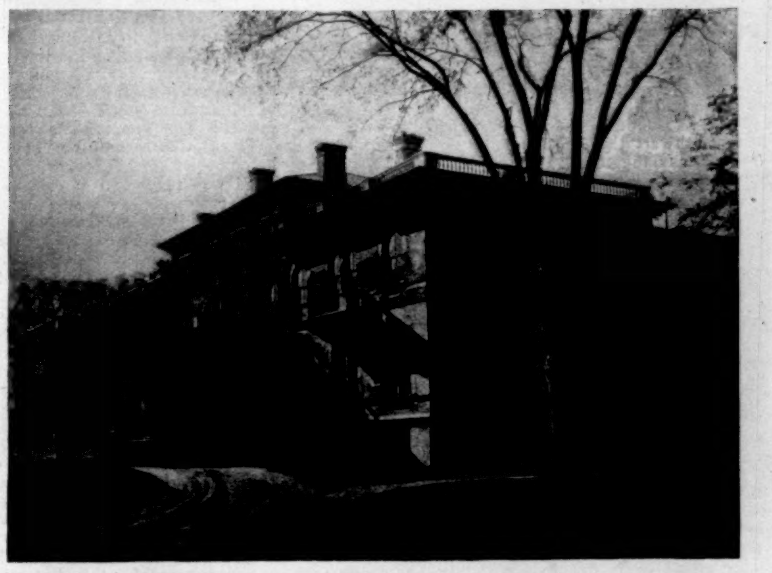
Suñol's Columbus has been duplicated for Central Park largely owing to the exertions of members of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society and the generosity of a number of citizens, some 150 in number, each of whom subscribed $100. A pedestal has been designed by Mr. Napoleon Le Brun. This was perhaps cheaper than an original statue would have cost, if designed by one of our sculptors and cast in New York, but the difference in price, if difference there had been, would not be enough to explain the matter. Surely we have sculptors capable of designing as good a piece of work as this by Suñol! Why, then, do these gentlemen ignore our own masters, and procure not even an original work, but a copy of something erected in another land? A frank answer to this question might not be polite, and might easily excite the retort proverbial about looking gift-horses in the mouth. It is part of a pitiful state of things in New York, whereby men of name but not of taste, men of wealth but not of broad civic patriotism, manage various matters in the fine arts with an ignorance of native talent and a slavish admiration of European art which make people of sense wish at once to smile and weep.



THE "FARADAY" LAYING THE NEW ATLANTIC CABLE.—Drawn by W. Parker Newton.



THE JOLLY POST INN AT FRANKFORT.



THE PRINCETON INN—HALF-WAY STOPPING-PLACE.
From a Photograph by R. H. Rose & Son.

COACHING TO PHILADELPHIA.

It is coming on to eight o'clock of an April morning, as fine as ever shone. There are groups here and there about the sidewalk, a knotty human mass upon the corner opposite. Eyes and ears are open wide. There is almost a thrill in the eager watching. Far down the street a horn breaks silverly out. The heads turn all to face it. In three minutes more the coach for Philadelphia will go bowling down the Fifth Avenue.

A fine coach it is, the Vivid, brave in shining black, with vermilion lettering to tell its name and destination. At ease in the front seat, upon cushions broad and springy, you applaud the World's Fair folk who gave this particular coach their first award, and lend a believing ear when one wise in the ways of coaching tells you that Englishmen have so far pocketed prejudice against all things American as to order sent over sea more than one mate to the coach that carries you.

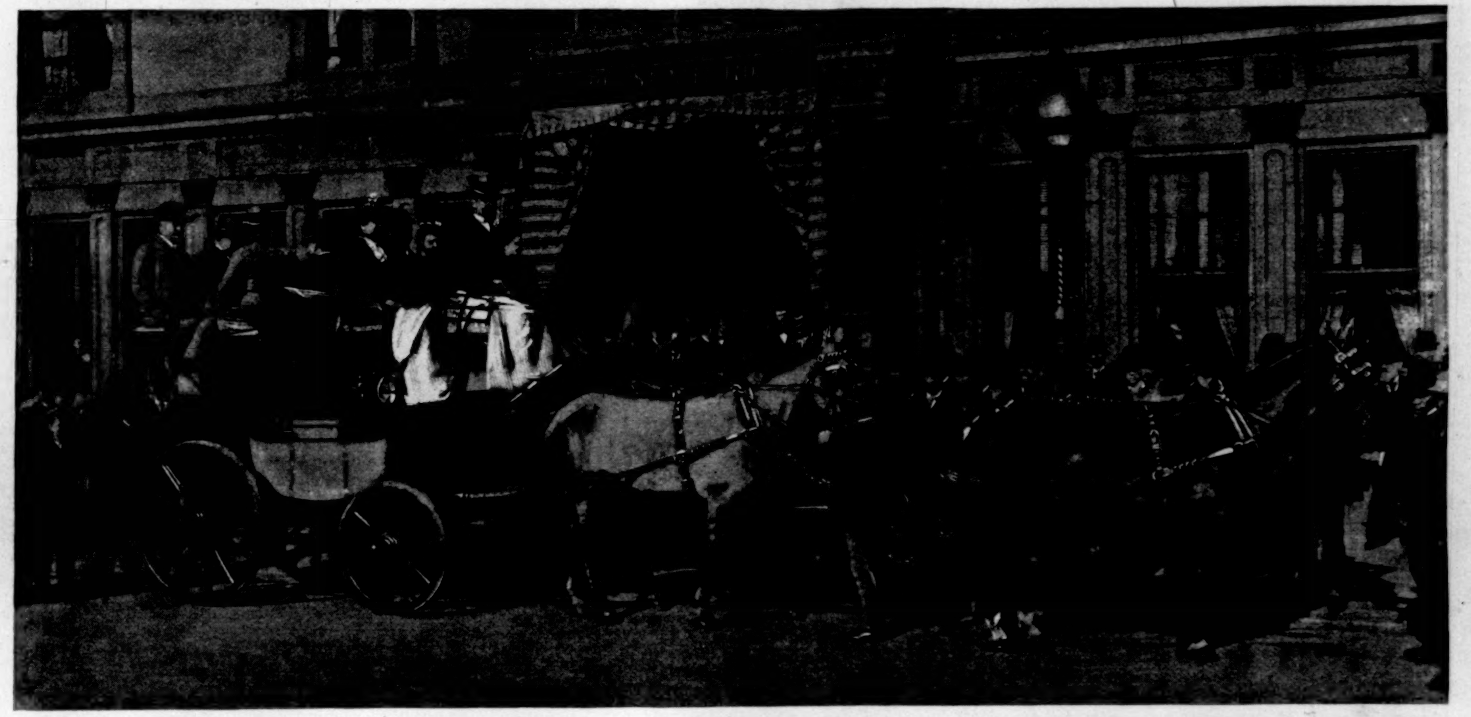
The ferry is passed; the unloveliness of Jersey City lies behind. We have come out upon top of the hill; the guard blows longer and louder. "Thought the first change came at Newark," some one in a back seat says, as the coach slows a trifle. Word comes back that the coachmen have a care for their beasts, so do not give them a long drive after they have gone over miles of cobble-stone and up a sharp slope. All way there has been a streaming crowd in the coach's wake. For the most part it is a cheery one, ready to hurrah roundly for the whip, the guard—the whole merry party, indeed. But here or there lowers a sullen face—so sullen it is no surprise to hear that now and again mud, old tin cans, even a paving-stone, have been hurled at the coach.

Down in front the huddle of heads and shoulders grows to a solid mass. It lines the way either side. The Vivid stops at last in a human lane. There is barely space in it for the four horses, bitted and harnessed, which the grooms have brought out at the warning of the horn. Before the wheels have stopped turning, the guard is down; so is the second whip; then a swift unfastening of strap and trace, a swifter tightening of fresh ones in their stead. The whip, statuesque upon his high seat, holds out his slender whip-stock—the four lines are flung across it—he gathers them deftly, with no snatching or cross-drawing, but after the manner of a man knowing thoroughly what he is about. Before you quite realize it all there are spanking bay wheelers in place of the grays that came out of the city, silver-roan leaders, dancing a bit in their eagerness to be off. The whip gives the least touch with his long lash; the coach is again under way, with second whip and guard racing after to swing themselves in place.

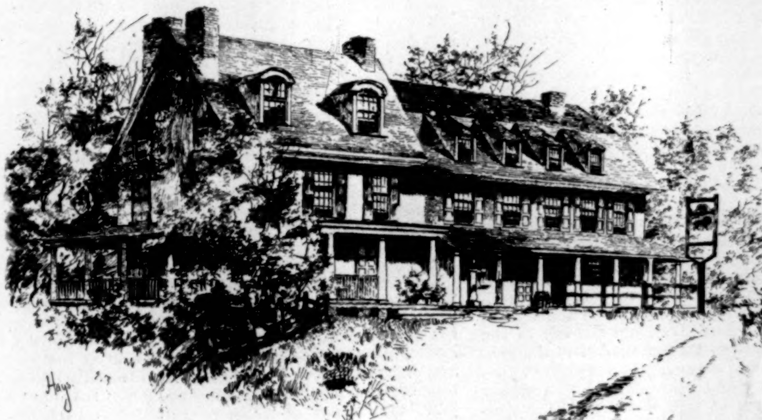
"Quick work," says some one, who holds an open watch. "It was not quite two minutes from stopping to starting."

"Oh, we change sometimes in fifty seconds," says the second whip.

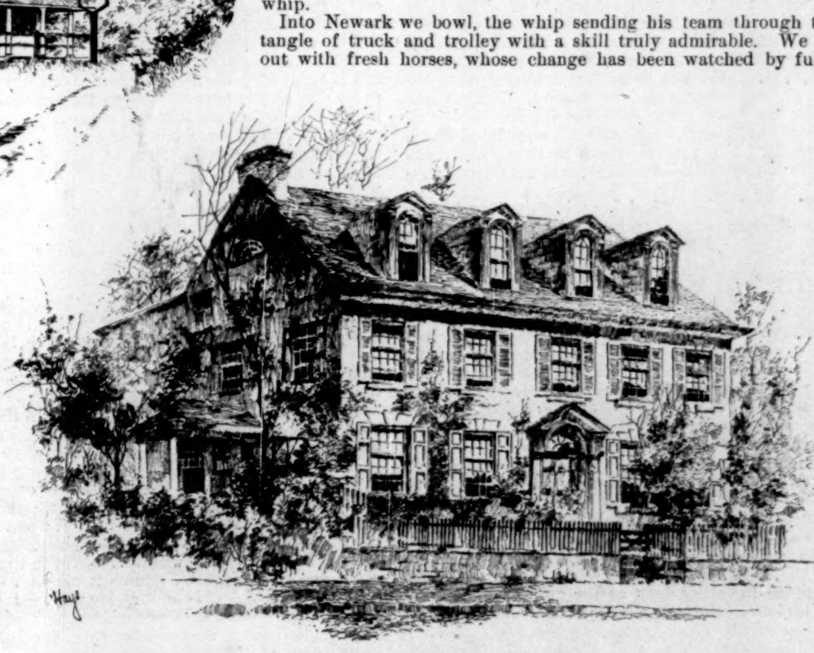
Into Newark we bowl, the whip sending his team through the tangle of truck and trolley with a skill truly admirable. We go out with fresh horses, whose change has been watched by fully



THE PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK COACH LEAVING THE STRATFORD, PHILADELPHIA.



THE RED LION INN.



HISTORIC HOUSE AT FRANKFORT.

five hundred pair of eyes. The coach is headed for Elizabeth. Who can paint the joy of it?—the charm, the pure delight, of this enchanted progress across a spring world—a world so full of green fields and sunshine and big blossomy trees? It begins to look as though all Jersey were but a giant cherry orchard. The yards about the farmhouses flame and glow with golden forsythia and scarlet pomegranate. Budded boughs overhead fling lacy tangles of shadow athwart the smooth road. When one of the boughs projects dangerously the guard calls loudly, "Low b-rid-ge," and all heads bend till danger is past. Other times the passengers wave hats and handkerchiefs and give back smiles and cheers to the good people in yards, on porches, and along the roadway, who stand kindly at gaze.

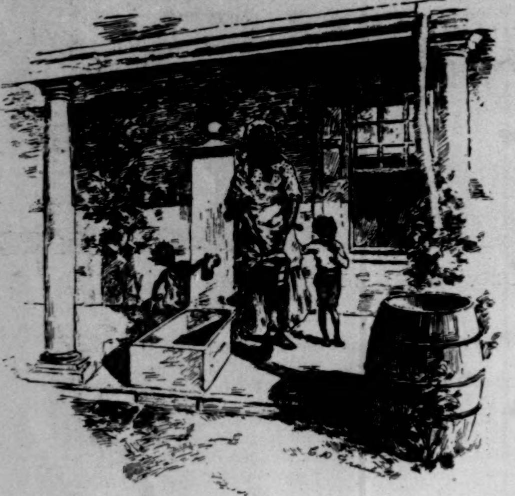
Factory whistles salute the coach; schools out for recess clap joyous hands at sight of it; road-makers give it a grinning God-speed. By time it is out of Elizabeth well-wishers begin to pelt it with flowers and radishes, and other such agreeable small deer. One little girl mounts the fence to ring furiously in our honor the family dinner-bell.

Here is a trench in the road running squarely across. A man at work in it flings up an affrighted hand as the noise of wheels comes to him. The mettled leaders bolt; the coach tips sharply. With one bound the second whip is on the ground; he is at their heads in a trice. The whip himself smiles a bit as he draws the skittish creatures back into the road. It was but a hair's-breadth less than an upset—but who in such company is afraid?

Metuchen, New Brunswick, Franklin Park, go by. The pace is hot, yet you see no sign of distress in the horses as they are led away to stall. We are skirting Princeton, where the coach stops for dinner. The other coach, the Alert, ought to have met us five miles back. A shade of uneasiness comes over those in authority. It is a relief to find her safe and smart in front of the inn, with nothing worse than a lame horse to give account of.

A fairly good dinner—and forty minutes to dispose of it. Then away, away, to Philadelphia town. The minutes, the miles, go by unreckoned, save by a sighing consciousness that they are all too short. The sun sinks—grass shows taller, greener—the little new leaves are twice as big as those you saw at morning. By time dusk veils them you realize that you have crossed more than a degree of latitude. By-and-by lights gleam on every hand. You are whirling on a way as broad and straight as that which leads to destruction. Some miles of it bring you to the Stratford—the coach's inn. You get down sorrowfully glad—full of joyful experience, and sighing for fresh coaches to be started.

A last word as to what has made all this possible. It is the Suburban Road Coaching Club, an organization of the more enthusiastic members of the Four-in-Hand Club of Philadelphia. Long odds were laid that the thing was impossible, but since last October preparatory work has been going on. Horses had to be bought, seasoned, and, like good Sir Roger de Coverley's, "new-paired, bitted, and taught to throw their legs well." As there are a hundred and eight of them, this alone was no small undertaking. Then the route had to be laid out, stabling and grooms provided, harness fitted, and countless other things done.



WATCHING THE STAGE GO BY.

The first regular trip was made April 26th. The daily expenses are three hundred and fifty dollars, so even at fifteen dollars a seat coaching is plainly not a money-making device. There are six gentlemen drivers—all members of the Suburban Club. Each of them serves four days in the week, twice as first whip, twice as second. They know their business, and have given America the distinction of possessing the longest and most perfectly appointed coach line in the world. The English route to Brighton, which comes next, is barely fifty-four miles, while this one is a hundred and ten.

To make it in twelve hours and five minutes, the schedule time, requires thirteen changes of horses.

MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

THE OLD ST. CHARLES.

ALL travellers who visit New Orleans find in that city much that is interesting. But nearly all of these, in recent years at least, find what interests them in the Creole part of the town, where the remnants of a once proud though a mixed race protest ineffectually against the innovations of an iconoclastic age. But there has been in the St. Charles Hotel until the other day, when it was destroyed by fire, a place outside of the Creole part of the city, and distinct from the Creole touch in every way, that to every one with a head above his eyes was of very great interest. Those who have visited this hotel recently, say at any time during ten years past, will remember it as a very shabby and very dirty place, vilely kept, and in every way uncomfortable. But it was interesting during this period, and, indeed, during the whole period since the breaking out of the war, merely on account of its importance in earlier days as the greatest gathering-place of the society of the South. To be sure, the house itself was of some architectural pretension, and Lady Wortley Montagu, with an enthusiasm that overleaped discrimination, compared the building with its "immense dome and Corinthian portico" to St. Peter's at Rome. Originally finished in 1837, the St. Charles had a projecting portico of six immense Corinthian columns, and this famous dome, forty-six feet in diameter. Across the street was an annex to the St. Charles, the Veranda, and the walls of this were said to have been frescoed by Canova. The Veranda burned down in 1851, and part of the St. Charles went also in the conflagration. The famous dome was destroyed, and never rebuilt.

The St. Charles and the Veranda were opened by a grand ball on the 22d of February, 1837, and from that time on the hotel was the scene of endless festivities. Pretty nearly every cotton-planter in the South, and the majority of the merchants in the Mississippi Valley south of St. Louis, went once or twice a year to New Orleans on business, and more frequently than not these trips were for pleasure also. They took the gayer members of their families with them, and when in New Orleans they stopped at the St. Charles. The New Orleans business men encouraged these visits, and did all that they could to make the strangers happy. And they have the gift of knowing how to be agreeable in New Orleans in the highest degree. If any one would care for testimony on this subject, there are Mr. Thackeray's remarks, to be found in the *Roundabout Papers*. What is more to the purpose, even though the St. Charles long ago became shabby and uncomfortable, and though it is now only a blackened ruin, the New Orleans people are as happy and graceful as of yore in their boundless hospitality.

It was in one of the parlors of this hotel that Jefferson Davis and other Southern leaders decided on the course that was pursued at the Charleston Convention in 1860—a course that precipitated the rebellion. But the St. Charles will not be remembered for this, but rather for the innocent pleasures of which it was the scene for years "before the war."

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

THIS·BUSY·WORLD·

MADAME SARAH GRAND makes one of her characters commend Ouida as a person who "shows up the men" and arms women-folks against their wiles. Perhaps Ouida thinks she is equal to the obligations of that calling without any help from Sarah Grand, or perhaps it is that man being her victim she feels bound to protect him from the assaults of others. At any rate, in the current *North American Review* she falls upon Sarah Grand's recent diatribe in that periodical on man, and rends it line from line with a fervor which is bound to amuse the scarified male even where it fails to edify him. She scoffs at what Sarah says, and deplores her manner of expressing herself, suggesting that she is not only an absurd woman but a bad writer, all of which makes cheerful reading for the recent objects of Madame Grand's attentions.

Is this little skirmish between these outspoken dames the forerunner of a women's war over women's rights? It seems as if it might be possible. In this State, where the woman's-suffrage question happens just now to be so much to the fore, the men seem disposed to leave its preliminary discussion almost altogether to the women. The suffragists have been hard at work for months, and now the antis are bestirring themselves on the other side. Both sides are warmly interested, and though the amenities of dispute have so far been perfectly observed, it will be surprising if there is not presently an infusion of pepper into the discussion. What may prevent it is the judicious disinclination of the antis to argue, and the exceptionally dignified character of the leaders on both sides.

Ouida will not have a say on the suffrage question in this State, but if she had, it would be No!" Her position is that woman cannot insist upon her rights without surrendering some of her privileges, and she thinks the privileges are the better worth having. A good many of the men are inclined to the same opinion, and fear that the right to vote will in the end cost women more than it is worth. The attitude of man toward woman in this day and generation, and particularly in this State and city, is nothing less than affecting. He has reversed the Pharisee's prayer. He thanks God that woman is not as he is. He would not have her any more like himself than he can help, because he loves her so much better as she is. And yet if there is anything that he is that she wishes to be, or anything that he possesses that she is inclined to desire, he seems ready to yield it to her, asking merely that she will try first to make as sure as possible that she really wants it and that it will do her good.

The press does not smile upon the proposal of General Wallace and Librarian Spofford to start an American Academy. Or, rather, it does smile, but derisively. The leader-writers scoff and the paragraphers jeer; but then few leader-writers and no paragraphers could hope to become American Academicians, so their cavillings are to be taken with salt. Indeed, in the matter of an Academy the cry of the press can hardly be accepted as the expression of the people's voice, so difficult it would naturally be for the newspapers to realize that a country and a language so thoroughly under newspaper supervision as ours could need any further guardianship. But there will probably be those who will insist, in letters to the *Evening Post* and such like refuges of the sore beset, that the precise and particular main thing that we want of an Academy is to give us some other authority besides the newspapers, else it may come about in time that men shall cease to be able to distinguish between newspaper writing and literature.

Meanwhile the *Tribune* (among others) jokes with callous levity about the scheme for an Academy, and declares that the proposed membership of twenty-five is too restricted, and "would hardly allow for the great men, let us say, of Buffalo and Canandaigua." But its examples are ill chosen, for a city that has succeeded (where the *Tribune* failed) in finding room for two of its great men in the White House would probably take its chances serenely in the Academical scramble.

The suggestion to put the *Hartford* in commission to take the place of the lamented *Kearsarge* meets with very general approval. It is felt that the navy can afford to keep up at least one historical relic, especially since such a relic as the *Hartford* is about as useful in time of peace as a more modern ship. Of course it might be urged that so long as the *Hartford* is kept at the Mare Island Navy-Yard, where she lies now, we know where she is, whereas, if she is repaired and put in commission, there is no telling what may happen to her. But such considerations as those, though fit enough to comfort a mother whose son is in State prison, should not stand between the *Hartford* and the high seas. The forlorn appearance of the old ship as she lies dismasted, canvas-covered, and helpless at her dock, is enough to make even the most sordid economist long to see her brought back to life.

The serious end of the magazine business is getting to be the reading of them. There are so many, and most of them so indispensable, and new ones starting all the time. The Sunday newspaper, which was to have killed the magazine, seems to have multiplied it; and naturally enough, too, since the main distinction between some modern Sunday newspapers and some modern magazines is that there is less matter in the magazine, and that it is printed on better paper, and sells for ten or fifteen cents instead of three or five.

The newest candidate for a share of the magazine reader's attention is a new college graduates' magazine, to be published monthly, and which, the *Evening Post* says, will aspire to "cover all matters of interest to college graduates in art, literature, politics, and athletics." A magazine that can do that will do extremely well, and ought to make money. But it is a large field to cover, for the college graduate, with all his possible defects, has as many interests as other folks, and it will be no small job to attend to them all to his taste. The backers of the new venture are fully entitled to be described as gentlemen "well and favorably known in New York." If any one can make a graduates' magazine worth while, they are the men who should be able to do it.

A felicitous rumor from Washington whispers that a revised World's Fair medal by Mr. St. Gaudens has met all objections to his former medals, and absolutely satisfies the authorities. This is good news, and disposes of the report that Mr. St. Gaudens would study the bathers at Cottage City this summer with a view to ascertain precisely what degree of revelation the average American can stand. Cottage City, being the most average place in the United States, seemed best suited to such researches. But his visit there will be unnecessary; and now if some one will put a shirt on the statue of Washington in front of the Capitol, and if some one else will contrive a pair of breeches for the seat of government, Washington may yet have a comfortable summer.

President Eliot's division of the day gives eight hours to sleep, three hours to meals, two to out-door exercise, one to social calls, and ten to work. Edison says two hours of sleep is plenty, which would give him nine hours for his meals, which sounds pleasanter. College presidents may have to work ten hours a day, and may do it with impunity, but for men who work with their intellectuals, five hours a day in work and five hours in getting ready is a more expedient apportionment.

Dr. Eliot makes no provision for chores, which, as every practical man knows, are unavoidable, and take up their share of time. Nor does he save any space in which to invite his soul, which is also important. It is a fortunate man whose office is in his own house, as I believe Dr. Eliot's is, who can afford to spare ten hours for mere work.

A great doctor is William Pepper, of Philadelphia (whose portrait was in last week's WEEKLY), and remarkable is the record of his services as Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. For the thirteen years in which he has served the university as its Provost he has not only declined a salary, but has given the university (the Philadelphia *Press* says) from $20,000 to $30,000 a year besides his time. He says the university is strong enough now for him to retire. And really it would seem that the fact of his retirement is better expressed by saying that the university has been weaned, than that Dr. Pepper has resigned. A gift of $50,000 accompanied his resignation. So truly astonishing it is what Americans find it in their hearts to do for institutions of learning.

Not many English-reading people know that New York has a Jewish paper printed in Hebrew type, its language being Judisch, the tongue of the Russian Jew, and generally understood by Hebrews all over the world. The name of it is the *Jewish Gazette*, and it is a successful journal with twenty years of experience behind it. It celebrates its twentieth anniversary this month. It has absorbed a full score of rivals in its field, and its publishers rightly think it worth noting that it has succeeded where numbers of socialistic Jewish journals have failed, and that among its Jewish contemporaries only one socialistic paper is left. It is reassuring to know that there is at least one journal of sound American principles that our Russian, Polish, and Roumanian Jewish immigrants can read.

The proverb "All things come to those who wait" does not quite tell the story. "All things come to those who hang on," tells it better. Who were the earliest agitators for an epileptic colony in the State of New York I do not know, but they began the agitation four or five years ago, and they have hung on well, and are entitled to felicitate themselves bountifully on their success. It is not complete yet, but it is assured. The necessary bill to buy the Sonyea property in the Genesee Valley for the colony is a law now, and the work can go on.

The *Cosmopolitan* is going to move into the country. Fortunate *Cosmopolitan*, that it dares to! If it wants a new motto appropriate for its new departure, it is a privilege to recommend Calverley's line—

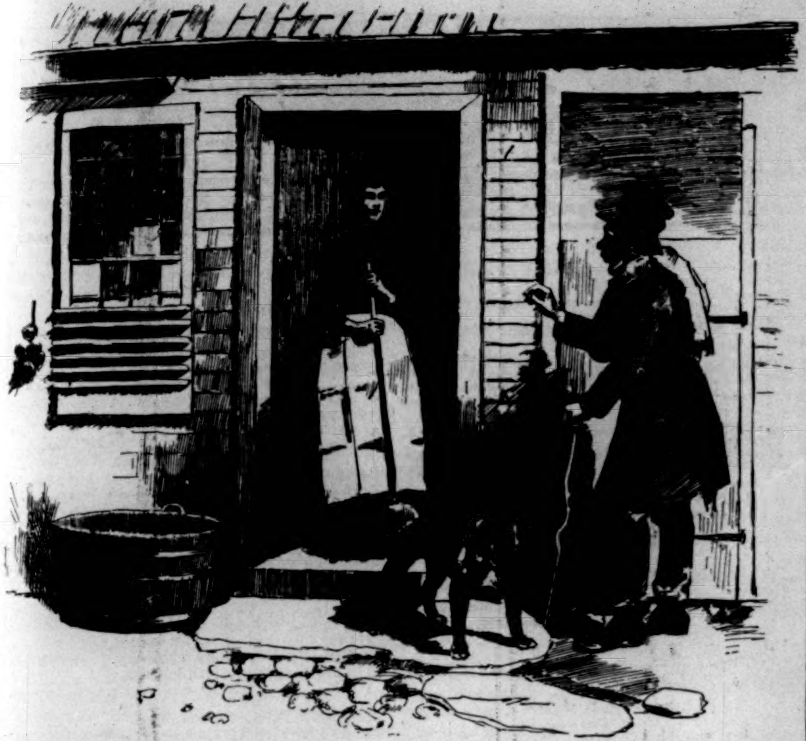
> "Half of Theocritus, and a touch of Tupper."

One good piece of work that was done by the New York Legislature before it adjourned was the annexation of Gravesend to Brooklyn. As a ward of the City of Churches, Gravesend is assured of respectable associations and judicious guardianship, and even Coney Island may now hope to attain a tolerable measure of righteousness.

Another good legislative job was the rescue of the City Hall. So far as statute law can protect it, it has been protected, and will stand as it is and where it is, with the further assurance that no more municipal buildings shall be crowded into its park.

This latter good work especially rejoices Mr. Andrew H. Green and the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, since it was largely through their efforts that public opinion was so focussed upon the Legislature as to get the rescue bill passed. The annexation of Gravesend is the special pride of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which believes that its timely efforts were largely instrumental in bringing it about.

E. S. MARTIN.



PHOTOGRAPHIC.

HOUSEWIFE. "What are you standing that way for?"
SOCIOLOGICAL STUDENT (*on the road*). "This dog has been taking a mental photograph of me, madam, for the last five minutes. If you will call him inside, I shall change the pose, and tell you the sad but entertaining story of my life."

PETER COMES DOWN.

PETER has returned to earth. For eight years he has earned his living by the sweat of his brow on the fifth floor of a big leather-house in the "Swamp," and during all these years he has worked, eaten, and slept in his lofty work-room without once touching his feet to mother earth.

Last week Peter was sold to a truckman, and the next day he was placed in a huge cratelike box, and with the aid of a tackle was lowered from the fifth floor to the first.

Peter is a horse. He is interesting and unique not alone on account of the novel manner in which he has passed the best years of his life, but also because he is the last of his kind. By his kind I mean the horses that earned a living by pursuing a tread-mill existence in pushing a scoop round and round a never-ending circle, thereby furnishing power with which bales of leather were hoisted to different floors.

A decade or more ago horses of this kind were common in the leather district, but gradually they were supplanted by steam and gas power, until only old Peter was left, and now he has been forced to leave his lofty eyry, and enter the plebeian life of a common truck-horse.

Peter was the property of Palen, Nelson, & Co., at 87 Gold Street, and the reason why he passed into other hands and into another line of work was because the firm had given up the building, preparatory to moving into larger quarters, which were equipped with steam-power.

Peter commenced to circle around the tan-bark ring at the age of four, and as he has always been well fed and kindly treated, he is now right in the prime of horse life. He is fat and of large frame, weighing in the vicinity of 1300 pounds. He has a remarkably peaceful and kindly disposition, which resulted in his being petted by the firm and the employés, and fed with apples and other delicacies.

His confinement and novel employment had no ill effect upon either his health or appetite, and he ate his oats with as much enjoyment as any of his brethren on *terra firma*. Every few days during warm weather Peter was given a liberal supply of fresh green grass, so his life was really not as unpleasant as one might imagine it to be. He was supposed to suffer more from lonesomeness than anything else, for he was a sociable animal and fond of company. Each Monday morning, when he was visited by the man who fed him, he whinnied in a particularly glad and genial manner that showed he was glad to see some one after a dull and quiet Sunday.

There is a story to the effect that a certain convivial gentleman, who wandered about in the "Swamp" one Sunday morning, and saw a horse's head projecting from a window in the top floor of the building, was so frightened that he hurried home and signed the pledge.

Peter performed good and conscientious work for his owners, and they were sorry to lose him.

They estimate that in the course of his circuits around the tan-bark ring he covered during his eight years of labor a little over 12,000 miles. It required 88 laps to a mile, and Peter made on an average about 500 laps a day.

Peter's experiences 'round New York as a truck-horse will certainly be novel to him. Those who know him hope he will receive as kind treatment as he did when he lived and worked on the top floor at 87 Gold Street.

A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola Plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

A LATE BREAKFAST

is often caused by a late milkman. No cream for the coffee or oatmeal has delayed many a morning meal. Keep a supply of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream in the house, and avoid such annoyances.—[*Adv.*]

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the celebrated appetizer, is used all over the world.—[*Adv.*]

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the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, enriches the blood, builds up flesh and fortifies the system against sickness and chronic ailments. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

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Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

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Gives Pearly Teeth, Ruby Gums, Pure Breath. 25c. Send for book, "Care of Teeth," free.
WRIGHT & CO., Chemists, Detroit.
Also in liquid or powder form.

THEY TALK "Toile du Nord" over the back fences and in the park; in the kitchen and in the parlor. It is the fashionable and universal wash dress-goods. The women of the country have found out that it outwashes and outwears all other fabrics, and doesn't cost near as much.

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The day of the stone oven is passed, and the housewife avoids the labor of bread and cake making formerly so prominent and arduous, for other more congenial and "up-to-date" duties, with the happy conviction that nothing "home-made" could be better or more satisfactory.

The Langdon Bakery has fully kept pace with its colleagues, and acknowledges no superior in the quality of its productions. The goods speak for themselves, and their popularity is the best evidence that the Company lives up to its fundamental principle, "patrons must be pleased."

If your grocer does not keep our goods,
please send us your address and we will
give the name of nearest one who does.

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May 22 - 23 - 24 - 25 - 26

THEO. THOMAS, Musical Director.

First Concert.—*Tuesday Evening, May 22.*

ORATORIO, ELIJAH . . . . Mendelssohn
Mrs. Emma Eames-Story, Mrs. Carl Alves, Miss Ida M. Smith, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Watkin Mills. Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ.

Second Concert.—*Wednesday Eve., May 23.*

OVERTURE, PROMETHEUS, Op. 38 . Goldmark
ARIA, ARMIDA, "Ah si la liberté," . . . Gluck
Mrs. Emma Eames-Story.
SYMPHONY No. 2, D minor, Op. 70 . . . Dvořak
"HORA NOVISSIMA" . . . . . . H. W. Parker
Mrs. Emma Eames-Story, Mrs. Carl Alves, Mr. W. H. Rieger, Mr. Watkin Mills. Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ.

Third Concert.—*Thursday Afternoon, May 24.*

OVERTURE, FINGAL'S CAVE . . Mendelssohn
RECITATIVE, "E Susanna," } Nozze di Figaro
ARIA, "Dove Sono." } Mozart
Mrs. Emma Eames-Story.
SYMPHONY No. 4, E minor, Op. 89 . . . Brahms
SONGS, { a. "Prince Modoc's Farewell," Dr. C. Villiers Stanford
{ b. "All Through the Night," Arthur Somervell
Mr. Plunket Greene.
OVERTURE, BENVENUTO CELLINI . Berlioz
"GRETCHEN AM SPINNRAD," . . . Schubert
Mrs. Emma Eames-Story.
MARCHE FUNEBRE (by request) . Chopin-Thomas
THREE HUNGARIAN SONGS . Francis Korbay
Mr. Plunket Greene.
KAISER-MARSCH . . . . Wagner

Fourth Concert.—*Thursday Evening, May 24.*

SUITE No. 2, B minor . . . . Bach
Overture, Rondeau, Sarabande (Canon), Bourée I and II, Polonaise (Double), Badinerie.
String Orchestra and Flute.
ARIA, JEPTHAH, "Deeper and Deeper," "Waft Her," . . . . Handel
Mr. Ben Davies.
137th PSALM, "By the Still Waters," . . Goetz
Mrs. Emma Eames-Story, Mr. Watkin Mills. Chorus and Orchestra.
SYMPHONY No. 9, Op. 125 . . . . . . Beethoven
Mrs. Emma Eames-Story, Mrs. Carl Alves, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Watkin Mills. Chorus and Orchestra.

Theo. Thomas Orchestra, 125.

Fifth Concert.—*Friday Evening, May 25.*

OVERTURE, ROMEO AND JULIET Tschaikowsky
SONG OF DESTINY, Op. 54 . . . . . . Brahms
Chorus and Orchestra.
SYMPHONY, B minor (unfinished) . . . . Schubert
RECITATIVE, "Crudele? Ah no, mio bene," } Don
ARIA, "Non mi dir," }
Giovanni . . . . Mozart
Miss Antoinette Trebelli.
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DER FREISCHÜTZ . . . . Weber
a. Overture.
b. { Recitative, "O, I can bear my fate no longer."
{ Aria, "Through the Forest."
Mr. Ben Davies.
SYMPHONY No. 4, B-flat, Op. 60 . . . Beethoven
THREE OLD IRISH MELODIES,
Arranged by Dr. C. V. Stanford
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SCHERZO CAPRICCIOSO, Op. 66 . . . Dvořak
RECITATIVE AND POLONAISE, "Je suis Titania," Mignon . . . . Ambroise Thomas
Miss Antoinette Trebelli.
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FIVE GERMAN SONGS
Mr. Plunket Greene.
SYMPHONIC POEM, "Les Preludes". . . Liszt

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TANNHÄUSER . . . . Wagner
a. Overture.—b. Tannhäuser's Pilgrimage, Orchestra.
c. Elizabeth's Prayer . Mrs. Emma Eames-Story.
d. Song to the Evening Star . Mr. Plunket Greene.
DIE MEISTERSINGER . . . . Wagner
a. Vorspiel.—b. Hans Sachs' Monologue.—c. Prize Song.—d. Quintet.—e. Chorus, "Awake."
Mrs. Emma Eames-Story, Miss Ida M. Smith, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. W. H. Rieger, Mr. Plunket Greene. Chorus and Orchestra.

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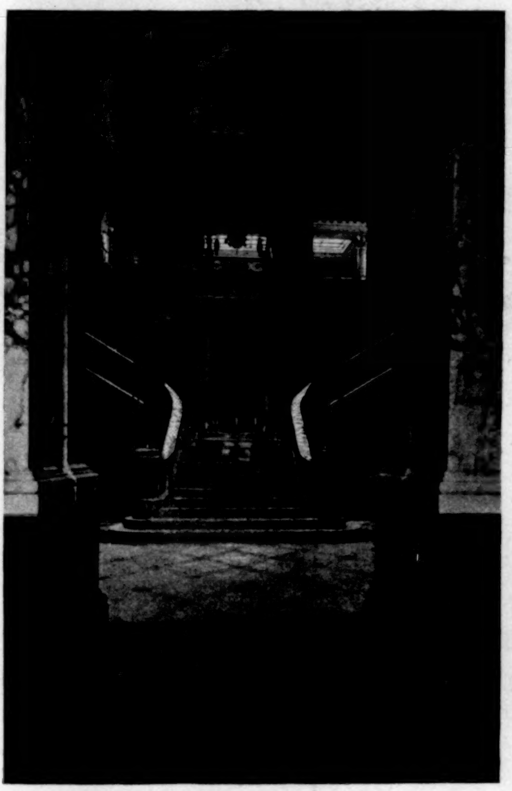
From its size, height, distinct color—the building being of white marble—the constantly recurring problem must have been to prevent the structure from over-assertiveness. Next to it is the Madison Avenue Church, with a fairly high steeple, the whole with Gothic tendencies. This grave ecclesiastical pile seemingly forces a contrast. It is by design, balance of proportion, brought about by an ample base, care in the tracery of the lines of the upper structure, the nice conception of what is decorative, that there is no jar. The new building completes and embellishes the fine picture Madison Square presents.

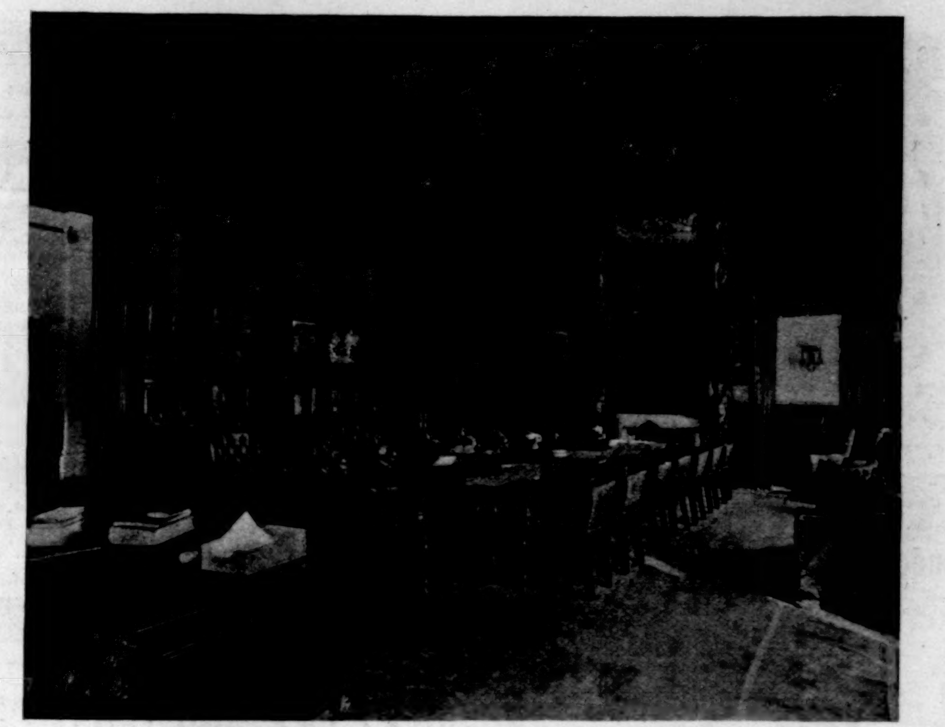
Within a few weeks the hoarding surrounding the court of the structure has been removed, and thus the main entrance can now be seen. The illustrations give the direct front view, with a side one of this court. The effort has been made not to startle the eye, but to win it by grace and elegance. It is the very opposite of gloom or sombreness. You do not emerge from darkness into sunshine. The transition is gradual.

The court is built of various colored marbles. Care has been taken in selecting the materials coming from the general output of a quarry, so that only the choicest pieces have been used.

From the floor the bases of the pedestals are of Verde d'Alpe, and above this rises the die of Formosa marble. The color of Formosa ranges from a rich brown with ruddy glows to a liver-color. From this start columns of Pavonazza marble. This stone has a creamy whiteness, with golden flushes interspersed with clouded black veinings of wonderful softness, which effect the photograph has cleverly caught. Between the columns are piers of statuary marble; above is the architrave of Carrara, then the frieze and cornice of the same.

Sometimes the marble is worked *ad unguem*, at others the natural soft cool blue tinge of the stone remains, where it is chisel-smooth only, without polish. The carved work, shown in wreaths and garlands, is deeply under-cut and effective.


INNER COURT, FROM FRONT ENTRANCE.
METROPOLITAN LIFE BUILDING.


DIRECTORS' BOARD-ROOM.

There are three flights of stairs, with thirty-five steps in all, of an easy grade, there being three landings. About a third of the way up there is a niche flanked by two delicately wrought columns. The niche has the classic shell ornamentation.

A stair always is an architectural problem on account of its rail. The parallelism of the usual vertical or horizontal lines can no longer be kept up. There are slantings, diagonals, which call for twists, turns, and convolutions. The provision for personal safety sometimes handicaps art.

In the devising of these stairs, forming as they do an important part of the court, for they at once attract attention, the art of the architects is conspicuous.

The upper rail of yellow and black veined marble, purposely chosen because of quiet color, has a gradual sweep, and the balusters supporting it are of semitransparent Mexican onyx. Between each baluster, all the way up, there are delicate open-work bronze ornaments. At the base of the stairway are two supports of light green onyx, on which stand bright bronze chandeliers. The court, 40 feet square, extends through three stories to a height of 66 feet, where it is ceiled by a clouded glass dome, and around the flattened curve of the dome there are unpolished mosaics of quiet color. Around the sides are two galleries, giving access to the main offices of the company.

The illustration of the direct front view of the court shows an effect which is novel. There is a perceptible vista. The eye reaches a point above and beyond fully one hundred feet or more away, and there is a distance where white columns blend into the extreme background. This is an effect which is as novel as it is surprising.

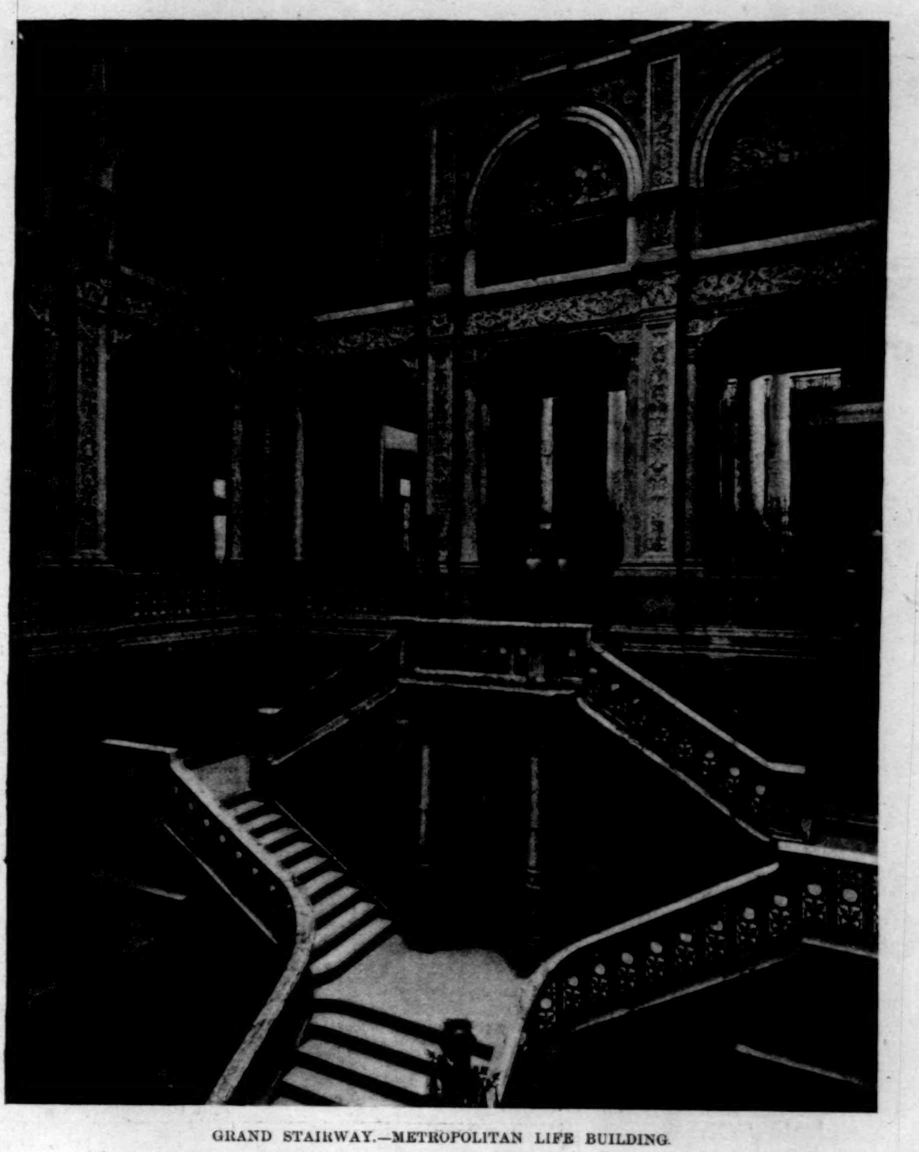
All this is quietly impressive, without scenic affectation. The bronze does not clash with the whites, but completes the architectural harmony.

Notwithstanding lightness of touch, the results have been arrived at by means of solid work. The marbles are not veneers. No thin stone slab adheres to stucco. The marble is marble all the way through. There is weight enough of marble in this court for the erection of a half-dozen ordinary buildings, but the realism of the stone has been idealized by the treatment of it. This court should stand in its integrity without showing wear and tear for centuries. A court 40 feet square and with a height of 66 feet is not like that of the Opera-house in Paris. Yet the illusion, brought about by careful study of all the proportions, is such that it looks many times larger than its exact measurement.

To give this court its architectural classification, it might be called Italian with a French treatment.

There is one room in this building, known as the Board-Room, which is probably the grandest of its kind in the United States, and the illustration gives some conception of it. Its length is 39 feet, its width 25 feet, its height 28½ feet. The wainscot, with all wood-work, doors and window-frames, is of the richest dark-hued San Domingo mahogany, carved from the solid material. The chimney-place, of mahogany, follows in form, elevation, with but slight change, a famous one designed and made by Germain Pilon for the Château at Villeroi. The walls are covered with leather, having dark green and red colors, with faint metallic burnishings. The ceiling, divided into fifteen great squares, is of three tones of gold. It is a massive room, with a Rembrandt feeling, typical of conservativeness, and would invite calm deliberation on the part of its occupants.

Barnet Phillips.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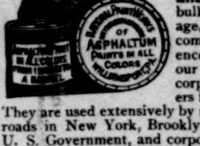

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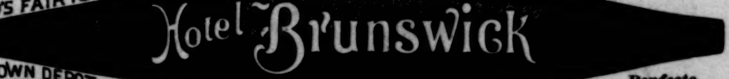

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